

IS THE CIA OBSOLETE?

TIME

Lost Tribes, Lost Knowledge

**When native cultures
disappear, so does a trove of
scientific and medical wisdom**

Highland Tribesman,
Papua New Guinea



MAN: In high school, Sharon Simpson used to call me "Pinhead." So at the ten-year class reunion I drove up in my new Eagle Talon with all-wheel drive.

OFF-CAMERA VOICE: And what did she say?

MAN: "Nice car, Pinhead."



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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As tribal peoples abandon their ways, a trove of knowledge is being lost

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COVER Photograph for TIME by William Coupon

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46 / CAN MANKIND SURVIVE THE LOSS OF NATIVE CULTURE?



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30 / A TIMELY GESTURE

TIME & LIFE PUBLISHED BY TIME INC.

ARMED AND DANGEROUS: THE CIA

ARMED AND DANGEROUS: THE CIA

FROM THE PUBLISHER

In a sense, William Coupon is two different photographers. The first works in the world of mainstream commercial photography, shooting everything from advertising campaigns for clients such as Nike and Dewar's Scotch to magazine covers, including portraits of Robert Bork, Pat Robertson and Presidents Nixon, Reagan and Bush for TIME. The other William Coupon is endlessly fascinated with ethnic groups whose cultures are as far from the mainstream as they can be. He has traveled to record dramatic images of Norwegian Lapps, Australian Aborigines, Tarahumara Indians in Mexico and members of a dozen other groups.

With a résumé like that, he was a natural choice to take the photographs for this week's cover story on vanishing cultures, which was conceived, reported and written by senior writer Eugene Linden. Says deputy art director Arthur Hochstein: "We knew right away that this was a perfect assignment for William." It was also a logistical nightmare. In a little more than six weeks, Coupon and an assistant had to travel to Alaska, Mexico, Borneo, Papua New Guinea and the Central African Republic, lugging camera equip-



Coupon poses in the manner of a Coupon subject

"I really feel as though I'm being a witness to these people and to the danger they're in."

ment and a studio backdrop into various rain forests and wildernesses. In each place William had to locate his subjects, win their trust and take their pictures, all on a tight time schedule. Along the way he was robbed in New Guinea, and his assistant came down with a bad case of malaria. But the experience was worth it. Says Coupon: "It was the most amazing trip I've ever been on. I really feel as though I'm being a witness to these people and to the danger they're in."

William began his love affair with ethnic subgroups 10 years ago, when despite a total lack of training in photography, he picked up a camera and plunged in, beginning what he calls his Social Studies series with Turkey's Kurds. He quickly developed a characteristic technique, which he has used with everyone from Native Americans to American Presidents: he takes subjects out of their surroundings and photographs them against a canvas backdrop. Hochstein thinks there is a happy paradox here: "The sameness of the background emphasizes the personalities of the people." That is clear in the pictures for this week's cover story; no one who sees them will easily forget Coupon's subjects, even if their cultures vanish forever.

Eugene P. Valk

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Another Star is born— for safety

When it comes to refinery safety, Mobil "is determined to make itself a model for the petroleum industry, and [it is] succeeding."

The words are those of the U.S. Labor Department inspectors who recommended Mobil's refinery in Joliet, Illinois, for Star approval. At a ceremony this month, Mobil became the first major oil company with a refinery in the Star program, a voluntary effort designed by the Labor Department's Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) for plants with truly outstanding safety programs and performance. Star is OSHA's highest level of recognition.

For a facility to be accepted into the program, it must undergo an extremely rigorous review, proving that its safety practices far exceed OSHA's strict requirements and that its accident rate is well below the industry's norm.

How tough are the Star standards? Consider this: Of the more than six million work sites in the U.S., only 66 have applied for and been admitted into the program. An impressive statistic. Now consider this: Of those 66 work sites, more than a third are Mobil's.

In addition to Mobil Oil's Joliet refinery, 24 Mobil Chemical plants have made it into the Star program. In fact, in 1987 Mobil Chemical became the first multiplant company to attain Star approval for all its facilities. Each of those plants has now achieved recertification as well, which is required at three-year intervals and which often involves even tougher tests because OSHA expects to see continual improvement.

The attention to safety that's demonstrated by our Star plants is important not only to Mobil and its employees, but to the communities in which Mobil operates. Because what promotes safety in the plant promotes safety in the neighborhood as well.

Before the Joliet refinery was approved, a team of OSHA experts—knowledgeable about refinery technology—reviewed refinery records in detail during two intensive inspection visits. The team also interviewed more than 40 refinery employees at all levels. These safety specialists found that "Mobil management has made safety and health their highest priority."

Other findings:

- "All team members agreed that the emergency response system at this plant was the finest they had seen."
- "The safety and health training program... begins from the first moment you step into the plant and continues on a regular basis for the duration."
- "Safety and health are part of all planning processes."
- "This could conceivably be the best equipped and most modern refinery in the country."

The Star program demonstrates that cooperation can replace confrontation. Industry and government can join together to make the workplace safer, and hence more efficient and competitive. That's an important lesson to learn, one we hope can be applied to other aspects of our business.

But even now, on the subject of safety, it's time to give credit where credit's due—to the OSHA people who gave industry this chance to excel voluntarily, and to the Mobil employees who have worked so hard to do it.

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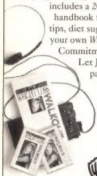
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LETTERS

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

"Power flows not from the barrel of a gun but from the courageous actions of the people."

Bruce Jenkins
Cambridge, Mass.



Boris Yeltsin showed his mettle to the world [TIME THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, Sept. 2]. It is lucky the people had such a leader at this time. It's a pity there wasn't somebody of his stature at Tiananmen Square in 1989. I take pleasure in nominating Yeltsin to be TIME's Man of the Year, 1991.

Finbarr Slattery
Killarney, Ireland

One must applaud Yeltsin for his display of courage during the aborted Soviet coup, but it will be a long time before I forget the picture of him badgering and humiliating Mikhail Gorbachev during the Soviet President's address to the Russian parliament. What I saw was a megalomaniac, spiteful and dangerous bully. Is this the kind of leader those long-suffering people need at this turning point in their history?

Richard Baine
Toronto

It grieves me, as a communist, to see Soviet workers pulling down statues of great men like KGB founder Felix Dzer-

zhinsky and other revolutionary heroes. And it sickens me to see the capitalists and all the profiteering scum hovering over the stricken body of the dear Soviet motherland, on the verge of breakup. The return to capitalism will solve nothing. Yeltsin will be a fallen hero before long. What the Soviet Union needs is another Lenin, another Trotsky and another revolution.

Andrew P. Travers
Rochester, England

In 1989 TIME named Gorbachev the Man of the Decade. It is Yeltsin, however, who may well be the Man of the Century.

Paul J. Marinick
Natick, Mass.

Without Gorbachev, there would be no Yeltsin. And until Yeltsin, who displays more than a few signs of childlike naiveté and petulance, proves his stamina and vision under many more circumstances over more seasons, any talk of his pre-eminence is premature. Gorbachev is the most important figure of our age.

Jeff Richards
Playa del Rey, Calif.

Marx and Engels urged, "Workers of the world, unite!" Thank goodness they finally did in Russia.

Andrew Blaine
New York City

Lengthening the School Year

As a high school social-science teacher of 23 years' experience, I know personally that the 180 days American students spend in school are not nearly enough [EDUCATION, Sept. 2]. Let's go for it! We must, or the U.S. will continue to lose out to those who have done so.

Roger D. Hughes
Cerritos, Calif.

More time in school is not the answer to America's educational problems. Bringing private enterprise into schooling in a big way, increasing parental involvement and sending fewer students on to senior high would help. To be competitive in world markets, we need more people working, inventing and selling—not sitting around in liberal arts high schools. We should consider copying the German apprenticeship program. Forcing youngsters to spend stifling summers idling in schoolrooms is not a remedy.

James Delmont
Omaha

I am a divorced father residing in New Jersey, and my nine-year-old son lives in Chicago. The school summer vacation is the only prolonged period we have together all year. Though I applaud efforts to improve education, the costs of an extended school year—short, fragmented family vis-

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Today, Kidd's *American Free Tree Program*, based in Stark County, Ohio, is that state's largest private volunteer project. More than 826,000 trees have been planted by service clubs, businesses, schoolchildren and private citizens.

"Trees are the vacuum cleaners of the environment," says Kidd. "Every single leaf is sucking in dirty air and breathing out cleaner air."

In October 1990, Kidd's free tree program received the Teddy Roosevelt Conservation Award from President Bush — "an honor for every one of the 120,000 local citizens who helped plant the free trees," says Kidd.

"We need to send a message across the country that it is possible to change the direction of things in our world," he notes proudly. "Because the environment is not simply 'an issue' — it's where we live."

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Clockwise from left, Eugene Johnson, Texas; Linda Hardy, New Jersey; Ruth Lohela, California; David Margolis, Nevada; Sally Svenson, South Dakota.

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LETTERS

its; increased plane travel; little time for my son to develop close friendships, join summer sports leagues, etc.—are too great a price to pay for a better grade in math.

Steve Fantus
Flemington, N.J.

The real problem with U.S. education is chronic absenteeism. A schedule of 180 school days a year is more than enough to provide any student with a solid education. To add 40 school days is to provide 40 more opportunities for absenteeism.

Edward C. Wendol
Port Jefferson Station, N.Y.

Those Soviet Experts

As you note in your item on pundits who get a lot of media attention during political crises, Dimitri Simes is indeed a well-known "talking head" on Soviet affairs. But Simes never uses the head you show [GRAPEVINE, Sept. 2]. That visage belongs to me. I guess to some people, we foreign-affairs types all look alike.

Mark M. Lowenthal
Senior Specialist in U.S. Foreign Policy
Congressional Research Service
Washington

Durable Broadway Musicals

Although many attribute the box-office success of producer Cameron Mackintosh's megamusicals *Les Misérables* and *The Phantom of the Opera* to stylized Colette wails, white masks and falling chandeliers [THEATER, Sept. 2], the real key to their popularity is that they condense lessons of humanity into three-hour emotional spectacles. One has only to look at the picture of the *Les Miz* students on the barricades and then at photos of Soviet youths on their own barricades to realize the inevitable victory of any quest for freedom.

Sean M. Joyce
Tiffin, Ohio

The popularity of the British pseudo musicals you describe always amazes me. How can people sit in a theater and have their emotions triggered by something that doesn't have a pulse? These mechanical, predictable bastions of banality are better suited to Disney World than to a Broadway house. Computerized high-tech special effects will never take the place of human chemistry. *South Pacific*, *West Side Story*, *A Chorus Line*—where are you?

Marlene Seibert
Wilmingon, Del.

Adolescent AIDS

Your story about the rising risk of AIDS for teenagers struck a chord [HEALTH, Sept. 2]. I live in the Midwest— smack in the middle of the Bible Belt, where the word sex is never spoken aloud in front of

"children." Here there are thousands of small towns without movie theaters, shopping malls, amusement parks or anything that constitutes a teen hangout, and kids are bored. Bored kids have sex and don't worry about condoms. Let's get to them before AIDS does. If their parents won't help them, someone else has to.

Jennifer Rowland
Midwest City, Okla.

You decry "the devastation that ignorance can yield," and blame the "teach abstinence" position of the clergymen you quoted. But if the homosexual teen dying of AIDS wasn't taught the dangers of sex, we can assume that he also wasn't taught the blessings of abstinence. That's ignorance too. How tragic! Abstinence prevents many ills, including AIDS, more effectively (and cheaply) than any condom.

Ruth York
Cisco, Texas

Everyone Is a Headline Writer

Although we thought the cover lines that we used for our Special Report on the Russian revolution (Sept. 2) were right on the mark, some readers thought there was room for improvement:



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GRAPEVINE

By JANICE CASTRO/Reported by Sidney Urquhart

THE KIND OF GUY A MOTHER WOULD LOVE

What was Supreme Court Justice **DAVID SOUTER** doing while Clarence Thomas was cramming for his Senate confirmation grilling? The right thing. During his own trial by klieg lights last year, Souter received more than 1,000 letters. Friends say the quiet jurist spent this summer holed up at home in Weare, N.H., answering each and every one—in longhand.

I'VE BEEN LONELY TOO LONG

Now that the cold war is over, **MUAMMAR GADDAFI** is feeling left out. Early this summer Britain brushed off his clumsy attempt to make up for the 1984 London murder of a female British constable by an unidentified gunman firing from Libya's embassy. A Gaddafi aide slipped a visiting Member of Parliament a check for \$500,000, made out to a British police association, but London sent it back. Last month, trying to repair relations with the U.S., the Libyan leader sent President Bush an elaborate invitation to his gala opening of the Great Man-Made River project. No reply. Hint: try renouncing terrorism.

HEY! LET'S SEND A COUPLE BILLION TO WOLFGANG

World Bank economists in Washington swallowed hard when the message suddenly flashed on their screens. Identifying itself as "Traveller 1991," an invading computer virus announced, "Do not panic. I am harmless." Horrified bank officials, who use computers to transfer billions from developed countries to hard-pressed parts of the world, wondered at first if it was possible for some tiny nation to fill its coffers by tapping into their inner sanctum. An international army of computer nerds and police experts soon tracked down the trespasser and pronounced it harmless. But what about the next one? Scotland Yard investigators, who traced the virus as far as eastern Germany, believe that disgruntled hackers there are still at work injecting disruptive electronic microbes into world financial networks.

BUT DO THEY UNDERSTAND BULGARIAN?

Among Western nations in the path of the East European exodus, Greece is the destination of choice for shepherds. First, hordes of penniless Bulgarian shepherds showed up sans flocks. Then Albanian shepherds started pouring in, bringing along their herds. Athens sent the Albanians home but kept the animals. Sheep without shepherds + shepherds without sheep = solution, yes? No. E.C. rules prevent Athens from exporting, selling or giving away the sheep. Athens is now seeking aid to provide the Bulgarians with fresh flocks. Meanwhile, the Albanian sheep are not long for this world. Anybody for shish kebabs?

WE SAY TOMAYTO, THEY SAY TOMAHTO

Is nothing sacred? The BBC has thrown in the towel on the Queen's English. *Hello*, a new English-language instructional series being prepared for BBC television, will feature an American among its three hosts. Seems that citizens of the global village, whose idea of proper English was once the measured tones of the BBC, are now more familiar with Yankee accents, thanks to CNN's worldwide reach. Explains Peter Walton, executive producer of the program: "We realized what people want is American English. People were asking, 'Haven't you got anything in American?'" Other BBC broadcasters are doing their best to adopt American-style slang. A budding British John Madden describing a soccer game duntup not long ago told listeners that an injured player was "stretchered" off the field. Next time, try "Boom! He's outta there!"



Justice Souter answered every one



Gaddafi wants us to forgive and forget

VOX POP

If you were ill with a terminal disease, would you consider suicide?

Yes **32%** No **59%**

From a telephone poll of 1,000 American adults. Taken for *Time*, February 19, 1991. *Source:* Gallup Organization. Sampling error is plus or minus 3%. Not shown: undecided.



Sheep without shepherds, shepherds without sheep

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TIME/SEPTEMBER 23, 1991

INTELLIGENCE

Crisis in Spooksville



As the Senate grilling of Robert Gates begins, the CIA starts to rethink its own mandate in a rapidly changing world

By RICHARD LACAYO

Life could be worse for the Central Intelligence Agency. There are no jeering crowds in front of its headquarters in Langley, Va., and no one has tried to pull down the statue of agency founder William ("Wild Bill") Donovan. Nonetheless, the meltdown of Soviet power has startled the CIA nearly as much as it has the KGB. So long as the Soviet Union faced off against the U.S., the chief mission of American intelligence gathering could be summarized in a microdot: watch Moscow and all its worldwide

doings. Now, confronted by the spectacle of a dissolving Soviet Union, intelligence agencies face the question of whether they should be refashioned for a world in which counting Soviet missile silos may be less important than tracking the intentions of well-armed Third World dictators or keeping tabs on the Japanese trade ministry.

That's one reason why the stakes are unusually high this week as the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence conducts hearings on George Bush's choice of Robert Gates, the Deputy National Security Adviser, to be the next director of the CIA. Whoever holds that job will have to put the

sprawling intelligence community on a new path and defend the agency against critics who are calling for it to be downsized or disassembled.

The discussion about the CIA's future, however, has been overshadowed by questions about Gates' past, most notably the extent of his involvement in the Iran-contra affair. That issue scuttled his first shot at the job four years ago, when Ronald Reagan proposed him as agency chief following the resignation of William Casey. Gates had to withdraw because of skepticism in Congress over his claim that Casey had kept him in the dark about the contra-



ROGER KESSEY/STARLIGHT

supply operation. The job went instead to then FBI Director William Webster. When Webster announced his retirement in May, Bush nominated Gates in the hope that Congress had lost interest in Oliver North's misadventures.

That might have been the case if Iran-*contra* prosecutor Lawrence Walsh had not unveiled a major surprise in July. Just days before the scheduled start of Gates' hearings, Alan Fiers, a former top CIA official, pleaded guilty to withholding information from Congress about his own knowledge of the *contra*-supply operation. With Fiers willing to testify about the involvement of former CIA colleagues, Walsh's investigation was suddenly rejuvenated: How much of the Iran-*contra* operation had been directed by the CIA? And just which CIA officials took part?

Fiers' testimony led to the indictment two weeks ago of his boss, Clair George, the CIA's former chief of covert operations. In a federal courtroom last week George pleaded innocent to the 10-count felony indictment, which alleges that he lied to three congressional committees and to the grand jury that Walsh convened to probe the Iran-*contra* scandal. If convicted on all counts, George faces up to 50 years in prison.

On the day of George's arraignment, in another chamber of the same courthouse, Walsh got a surprise of his own. Last year a federal appeals court overturned Walsh's conviction of North on one charge. In order for the convictions on two remaining charges to stand, Walsh was directed to show that none of the witnesses at North's

trial had relied on his highly publicized 1987 testimony to Congress, which North had delivered under a grant of immunity. During a courtroom hearing last week, Robert McFarlane, Ronald Reagan's National Security Adviser, stunned members of Walsh's team by insisting that his own testimony at North's trial had been deeply tainted by familiarity with North's Senate appearances. McFarlane's contention makes it more likely that all remaining charges against North will be thrown out. That would leave Walsh facing the question of whether to try North again from scratch.

Of greater concern to the White House is the possibility that George or Fiers—each was below Gates on the CIA chain of command—might implicate Gates. Nonetheless, the Senate committee has been assured by Walsh that so far his investigation has not turned up any evidence that would lead to Gates' indictment. Bush once again reiterated his support for the nominee last week, and Administration strategists hope that with the help of Oklahoma Democratic Senator David Boren, the committee chairman and another Gates supporter, the nomination will reach the floor of the Senate anywhere from two weeks to six months from now.

All this unwanted attention comes at a time when the CIA is trying to reshape its duties in a rapidly changing world. Vincent Cannistraro, a former CIA chief of counterterrorism operations, has even suggested that the CIA is an "obsolete tool" whose

The new CIA headquarters: no angry crowds outside, but plenty of questions within

functions could be handled by the other branches of the national-security bureaucracy, which include the National Security Agency, responsible for eavesdropping; the Reconnaissance Center, which handles satellite imaging; and the enormous, separate intelligence arms of the military services. New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has called for the CIA to be dissolved and its responsibilities turned over to the State Department. If that is not possible, Moynihan says, the agency should shrink its budget, a classified figure that is currently between \$25 billion and \$30 billion a year. "Downsize, downsize," Moynihan advises. "Don't look for silly, quasi-cold war tasks like 'Find the narco-terrorists' or 'Steal the economic secrets of Albania.'"

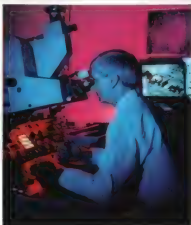
Intelligence officials know there is grumbling about their performance in the recent past. In the years before the Ayatullah Khomeini came to power, the CIA failed to gauge the depth of resistance to the Shah among the people of Iran. Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait last year also caught the U.S. by surprise. "The war might have been avoided if the President had been told six months earlier that this man is thinking of invading his neighbors," says Senator Boren.

The U.S.S.R., whatever shape it takes, will remain a major focus of intelligence efforts. Even a rump Soviet Union is likely to be a formidable, if less truculent, nuclear power, while the unsteady new republics

Some see the future of spying in high-tech gear like this device, which helps analyze satellite photos

that have declared their independence will need to be watched. At the same time, the KGB's morale may be hurt, but its espionage division remains unchanged. By some estimates, it still maintains roughly 23,000 operatives in other nations. It is not inconceivable that the Soviet agency might try to rebuild its reputation by scoring a triumph abroad, such as filching technological secrets.

But U.S. intelligence agencies will also have to be reconfigured to fit the new map of the world. In an age of small countries that are bristling with arms, one likely new target of attention will be small and middle-size nations that have considerable military arsenals and an inclination to use them. "We've got to look at the proliferation of missiles, both medium and long range, and the issue of weapons of mass destruction, chemical, nuclear and biological," says Representative Dave McCurdy, the Oklahoma Democrat who is chairman of the House intelligence committee. Other jobs would involve keeping close tabs



on terrorist groups and drug traffickers.

A more controversial new role is economic-intelligence gathering. In the absence of a communist superpower, the foremost peacetime conflict will be economic competition among nations. In that race the CIA could help give American companies an edge by ferreting out industrial and technological information from foreign companies and government ministries. National trade strategies, technological advances, even the bids being made by foreign companies for contracts open to American

firms—all could be collected by the CIA.

But there are real pitfalls to stealing industrial secrets. In a world of multinationals, how do you even identify an American corporation? And how should agencies make information available without favoring one company over another—a prospect that opens the way to the possibility of corporations bribing American agents to get access to information that would give them an advantage over other American companies.

More important, the practice would place the U.S. in the uncomfortable position of spying regularly on allied nations. Then again, some of them have already jumped into the race. On a segment last week of the NBC news program *Exposé*, Pierre Marion, the former chief of French intelligence, admitted that his government has been spying on U.S. corporations and their executives in France. Marion, who headed the French spy agency *DGSE* in 1981-82, told of a 10-year effort that stole secrets from Corning Inc., a producer of glass and fiber optics; IBM; and Texas Instruments. According to *Exposé's* investigations, French spies may be posing as flight attendants and passengers on Air France in order to eavesdrop on the conversations of American business travelers. "In economic competition we are competitors," he explained.

The debate about how information

Did Bob Gates Serve His Masters Too Well?

By STANLEY W. CLOUD

There is something very Kansas about Robert Gates, the man President Bush has nominated to succeed William Webster as the new director of the CIA. His open face, wide-set eyes and ready grin, even his prematurely gray corn-silk hair, somehow evoke the state where he was born 47 years ago. At the same time, there is something very Washington about Gates—the slightly satisfied air of the successful bureaucrat who has managed to survive in a city where survival is sometimes all it takes to succeed.

Gates may soon discover that the same techniques that helped him survive before have left him open to attack now. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, which this week began hearings on the Gates nomination, has been looking into his performance both as CIA deputy director for intelligence under William Casey between 1982 and 1986 and as chairman of the interagency National Intelligence Council during much of the same period. In those twin jobs Gates was responsible for the integrity of the analytical reports that the CIA and NIC produced. Yet a number of current and former U.S. intelligence officers have accused him of trying to "cook the books," of using his position in an attempt to assure that CIA and NIC reporting conformed to certain key policies dear to the Reagan White House. An assessment of how well or poorly he fulfilled that responsibility may tell more about what kind of CIA director Gates would be than would any number of Iran-*contra* revelations.



Once again the nominee

When Gates was promoted to deputy director for intelligence in January 1982, he imposed a series of reforms that made the CIA's reports shorter, better written, more timely and more definitive. Moreover, his defenders argue, on several occasions he actually protected analysts from White House pressure on key matters related to the Soviet Union, Nicaragua and Lebanon. Says a senior intelligence officer: "I thought Bob was one of the most creative and stimulating, and at the same time easiest, guys I worked with. The charge that he politicized intelligence is a bum rap."

But those who oppose the Gates nomination say much of the evidence of book cooking is in the reports themselves—and Gates read and approved all reports issued during his tenure as deputy director. Indeed, the Gates period produced a rash of complaints that, on controversial issues like Nicaragua, El Salvador and Iran, the agency tailored its reports to fit White House policy rather than providing objective conclusions. In the world of intelligence analysis, that is the ultimate sin.

In the past, much of the blame for "politicizing" intelligence was pinned on Casey. But the Senate intelligence committee is examining the extent to which Gates himself was responsible and failed to stand between Casey and intelligence analysts. Observes Thomas Polgar, a retired senior CIA officer who was a consultant to the agency in this period: "You never heard about a Gates position that differed from Casey's. Either he sincerely believed in Casey's ideology or he catered to it."

should be gathered is also heating up. On one side are those who favor greater reliance on technical means, such as satellite photography and electronic interception of official communications. On the other side are the proponents of what the spy business calls "humint"—human intelligence, better known as infiltrators, informants and spies.

Though collecting from the skies is expensive, it allows access to places that were once unreachable, such as Soviet ICBM sites. But such data do not always reveal intentions. Aerial surveillance showed that Saddam had moved his army to Iraq's border with Kuwait last summer. It could not reveal whether he intended that merely as an act of intimidation or as a prelude to attack. Neither will technical spying prowess be able to predict popular uprisings like those that swept across Iran in 1979 or the Soviet Union this year. "You don't sense the mood of the bazaar from a satellite 100 miles in space," says George Carver, a scholar at the Center for Strategic and International Studies who was the CIA's special assistant to the director of Vietnamese affairs from 1966 to 1973. "To do that you need human beings in there mixing it up."

American intelligence gathering is also hobbled by the familiar Washington turf



wars, especially the competition between the CIA and the various branches of military intelligence. Some blame that rivalry for the fact that during the 1989 invasion of Panama, American troops spent four days locating General Manuel Noriega. CIA defenders contend that the agency was kept in the dark about the invasion until a few hours beforehand, thus limiting what it could do. "There is too much cowboyism going on, too much effort by agencies to duplicate the work," says New Mexico Representative Bill Richardson, a member

Its new reform-minded chief, Vadim Bakatin, vows changes for the KGB, but it will stay in the spy business

of the House intelligence committee. "They don't share information."

The director of Central Intelligence is nominally in charge of all U.S. intelligence-gathering operations, but the Secretary of Defense is de facto boss of defense agency intelligence. He's "the 900-lb. gorilla in intelligence," argues Richard Helms, who was CIA chief under Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. There are calls for the creation of an intelligence czar with unassailable authority. Failing that, critics are insisting that the warring agencies work out clearer terms of cooperation that the next CIA chief can unequivocally enforce.

However the CIA defines its mandate, the agency will have to be headed by someone who not only has a sharply analytical mind but would be a director Congress could fully trust. There are few who doubt that Gates fits the first description. It is now up to the Senate to decide whether he fits the second as well. —Reported by Dan Goodgame and Bruce van Voorst/Washington and William Mader/London

Among the cases about which the Senate committee intends to question Gates:

The "Opening" to Iran. In May 1985 the White House was considering a secret reversal of U.S. policy toward Iran—a change that would quickly lead to arms sales aimed at gaining the release of American hostages in Lebanon. In hopes of finding a rationale for this politically explosive notion, a classified "estimate" was requested from the NSC, of which Gates was chairman. When the estimate was issued, it found that Iran faced serious instability, warned of the Soviet's ability to exploit it and recommended arms sales to Iran by U.S. allies. Conveniently, the NSC estimate contained no "footnotes"—indicating that it expressed the unanimous view of the U.S. intelligence community.

The opinion was anything but unanimous. According to numerous sources directly involved, key analysts at the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the State Department's intelligence bureau disagreed with the estimate. They attempted to insert footnotes of dissent but were repeatedly prevented from doing so. "This false unanimity was not an accident," charges a former official. "It was the personal creation of Mr. Gates." One agency that persisted in its dissent was the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, headed by Morton Abramowitz. Only when Gates called directly to say that Casey wanted no footnotes did Abramowitz finally yield. In their defense, those who gave in may not have understood that a radical change in U.S. policy was at stake. Gates has testified that even he was in the dark. The Senate intelligence committee has obtained documentary evidence, however, suggesting that Gates knew arms sales to Iran were under consideration.

U.S. Policy in Central America. The public relations aspect of intelligence on Central America grew distinctly more noticeable after Gates became deputy director of the CIA, according to a September 1982 House intelligence committee report.

The study cited a briefing on outside military aid to the Salvadoran guerrillas and a misleading CIA study on repression of Nicaraguan Indians as products whose main purpose seemed to be to "mobilize support for policy" rather than to inform.

Defenders of Gates insist that the report was signed by only the Democrats on the committee, and it is true that at least some Republican members declined to sign it, and that committee consultant and former CIA officer Bobby Inman resigned in protest against it. But there was criticism from inside the CIA as well. According to a former senior estimates officer for Latin America, David MacMichael, the CIA in late 1982 issued a classified report concluding that Marxist rebels in El Salvador depended largely on Sandinista arms. One of the few pieces of hard evidence cited was the fact that a Nicaraguan customs officer had allowed an arms-carrying Volkswagen to cross into Honduras. The report, says MacMichael, whose CIA contract was not renewed in 1983, was "a laughable document."

Senior State Department officials complained repeatedly in the mid-1980s that CIA analysis with implications for ongoing covert operations consistently downplayed or eliminated dissenting views. Former Senate intelligence staff director Robert Simmons agrees. "There's no question that in countries where the agency had operational interests," he says, "the pressure was on the analysts."

Indeed, says a former national intelligence officer, there is fear at the CIA that "Gates' return would mean a new party line." Senator William Cohen, a Republican former member of the intelligence committee, once described Gates as "an ambitious young man, Type A personality, climbing a ladder of professional success." This week Gates is on the brink of reaching the top of that ladder, thanks in part to his willingness to tell his superiors what they wanted to hear. The question is whether he resorted to that old survival technique too often for his—and the nation's—good. —Reported by Jay Paterzell/Washington

SUPREME COURT

Judging the Judge

For all their posturing, Senate Judiciary Committee members have no fixed standards in reviewing presidential nominees

By PRISCILLA PAINTON

For one moment last week, it seemed possible that the Senators might unravel the tight bundle of polite obfuscation that is Clarence Thomas, Supreme Court nominee, Delaware's Joseph Biden, who chairs the Senate Judiciary Committee, jabbed him with questions and snappy comebacks on Thursday morning, and Thomas was briefly thrown off his monotone. But his Republican handlers called for a break, and both Thomas and his Democratic inquisitors returned to a harmless game of parry and dodge.

After 22 hours of testimony, the 14 members of the Senate Judiciary Committee extracted little from Thomas. He told them the Constitution embraced a right to privacy but refused to offer any thoughts on the Supreme Court's *Roe v. Wade* abortion decision. He did not repudiate his writings favoring the use of "natural law" but said they were the musings of a part-time political theorist and would have no bearing on his interpretation of the Constitution. The Democrats had to admit they were stymied. "Who this man really is, I don't really know," said Herbert Kohl of Wisconsin. The Republicans happily bragged about their strategy: "It's O.K. not to give the answer as long as it's not because you don't know the answer," said a senior Administration official.

If the hearings revealed little about Thomas, they said much about the limits of a body that has become one of the liberals' last redoubts on Capitol Hill, the only place where Democrats, locked out of the White House for the past 10 years, can attempt to fend off conservative nominees to the court. Even when Biden and Massachusetts' Edward Kennedy teamed up four years ago to defeat Robert Bork, it looked as if the Democrats could only briefly prevent the Reagan White House from seizing control of the Supreme Court well into the 21st century. That proved a Pyrrhic victory,

After Bork, the White House devised a sort of Ferdinand the Bull strategy for future nominees: it taught them to win by refusing to engage. "There isn't much that the Senate can do about rejecting a nominee or thwarting the President. All a nominee has to say is, 'I have an open mind,'" says Yale Kamisar of the University of Michigan Law School. With that strategy, the White House easily slipped through the innocuous but no less conservative Anthony Kennedy and the enigmatic David Souter. Says Kamisar: "The lesson is that the Bork hearings were an aberration."

So why have Supreme Court hearings at all? For more than 100 years, the committee did without them. And even after they began in 1925, there were nominees like William O. Douglas in 1939 who waited patiently to be questioned only to be sent home. But while this public bar exam has become de rigueur, its rules have changed from nomination to nomination, with Republicans and Democrats often contradicting themselves on what questions are appropriate. Some examples of Senators who condemn "litmus tests" at one hearing but brandish them at the next: ▶ When Lyndon Johnson picked Justice Abe Fortas to be Chief Justice in 1968, conservatives like South Carolina's Strom Thurmond demanded that he explain his judicial philosophy; after 10 days on the hot seat, Fortas was ultimately rejected. But during the Bork hearings, Thurmond argued that his colleagues should consider only the judge's competence, temperament and integrity.

▶ Kennedy made the same argument in 1967 when he defended the Supreme Court appointment of Thurgood Marshall, the retiring Justice whom Thomas would replace. But as a committee member 20 years later, the Massachusetts Senator led what was almost exclusively an ideological campaign against Bork.

▶ When Sandra Day O'Connor was before the committee in 1981, faced with strong

opposition from antiabortion activists, Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum defended her candidacy by arguing that "there is something basically un-American" about denying a confirmation on the basis of someone's opinion on a single issue. But he made clear at the outset of last week's hearings that he intended to draw from Thomas his position on a woman's right to choose abortion and is now likely to oppose him for not affirming that right.

▶ Biden went after Thomas for the latter's "natural law" approach to interpreting the Constitution, by which judges can invoke vague notions of eternal justice that preexist the written document. Yet in his opening remarks to Bork four years ago, Biden celebrated something that sounded like a liberal's version of "natural law" as the common man's reproach to Bork's literal reading of the Constitution. "As a child of God," said Biden, "I believe my rights are not derived from the Constitution... My rights are because I exist."

All this contention may make some citizens yearn for the earlier days of this century when the Senate Judiciary Committee was more deferential to the President's choices. One bipartisan panel even concluded in 1988 that the confirmation system had become so "dangerously close to looking like the electoral process" that candidates should not have to testify.

But legal scholars say the White House lately has the hearings it deserves. Ever since the Reagan White House began screening potential nominees for ideological correctness, the Senate Judiciary Committee has become the stage where the nation's divided passions are exposed, especially now that abortion has assumed such a prominent place on the judicial agenda. Says Professor Stephen Gillers of the New York University School of Law: "The process has become more cynical, and so the Senate has become more activist."

—Reported by Michael Duffy and Hays Gorey/Washington and Andrea Sachs/New York



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

"Always Attack, Never Defend"

Iowa's Tom Harkin, the third Democrat to announce, promises a hard-hitting campaign based on unabashed liberalism and fiery populist oratory

By LAURENCE I. BARRETT WASHINGTON

Combat. If one noun sums up Tom Harkin's political program and persona, it is combat. The Iowa Democrat proudly describes the strategy that won him five terms in the House and two in the Senate: "Always attack, never defend." He believes that a pugnacity gap kept Democrats out of the White House through the '80s. Now, as he runs for President, he proposes to fill that gap by waging class warfare against George Bush and guerrilla operations against Democrats he considers timid. "The only thing Americans like less than a dirty fighter," he says, "is someone who won't fight back."

He is hardly waiting for an excuse to counterpunch. For months Harkin, 51, prepared for his formal announcement of candidacy last weekend by conducting the kind of aggressive populist campaign at which he excels. When he castigates the

Reagan and Bush administrations for favoring the rich and harming the less affluent, he sings from the standard party hymnal. But when Harkin gets personal, he deftly exploits the politics of roots and resentment. He is the son of a Slovene immigrant mother who died young and an Iowan coal miner who never got to high school. In attacking the patrician President he keenly dislikes, Harkin can make the incumbent's very name sound odious.

"I've got news for you, George . . . Herbert . . . Walker . . . Bush," he says, jabbing his forefinger in the air. "Next year the American working people are going to veto you!" Lines like that evoke applause from blue-collar workers, farmers and party activists. So does Harkin's hectoring of new-wave Democrats who would move the party toward the center. Virginia Governor Douglas Wilder, who became a candidate on Friday, glories in his record of fiscal austerity. Paul Tsongas, the earliest aspirant, styles himself a pro-business Democrat. Arkansas

After delays and feints, Democrats are lining up at last for the 1992 presidential contest. Tom Harkin and Douglas Wilder have now joined Paul Tsongas, who had complained he was lonely. This profile is part of an ongoing series looking at the candidates.



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Governor Bill Clinton, still mulling a run, comes across as a middle-roader. Of Harkin's rivals, actual or potential, only Nebraska Senator Bob Kerrey might match him as an unapologetic prairie populist.

For now, Harkin is the preacher of traditional liberal psalms: a massive public-works scheme, increased spending for education and health, lower taxes for the working class and higher levies on the affluent. He promises "a bold plan for a new economic structure." But many Americans long ago lost faith in such primordial liberalism. Nathan Landow, Maryland party chairman and a major campaign fund raiser, concedes that Harkin's record could turn off wealthy contributors, not to mention moderate voters. "But Tom has a fiery way about him that will catch on," Landow says. "Maybe this time we need the messenger and can relax a little about the message."

Harkin's Senate colleagues last week were anything but relaxed as he raked them with one of his guerrilla maneuvers. As chairman of an appropriations subcommittee, he proposed moving \$3 billion from the Defense Department to popular education and health programs. That would violate the constraints in the 1990 deficit-reduction compromise reached after much anguish, but Harkin thinks the five-year plan inhibits flexibility and should be abolished. After an afternoon of contentious debate, Harkin lost by a vote of 69 to 28, as he knew he would. But among liberal political junkies who vote in primaries, he scored points.

Willingness, even eagerness, to take on any establishment is part of Harkin's credo. He caused his first stir in Congress well before being elected. In 1970, as a young congressional staff member, he accompanied a dozen Representatives on a fact-finding trip to South Vietnam. He discovered—and photographed—abusive conditions at a camp for political prisoners. When the committee's report glossed over the "tiger cages," Harkin denounced it as a "whitewash" and sold his photos to LIFE. Harkin, who was attending Catholic University's law school at night and Saturdays, lost his job.

Five years later, having defeated a veteran Republican for a House seat, Harkin made larger waves. He bucked the Ford White House and his own party leadership to pass a measure forcing the Administration to use human rights as a criterion in dispensing foreign aid. It was an unusual success for a freshman who was not even on the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Many Harkin amendments on diverse subjects followed. Like last week's Senate effort, most were doomed, but Harkin insists, "A vote should be taken. People should express themselves." His habit of forcing difficult votes is one reason Harkin never became a Hill insider. Democratic Representative Dan Glickman of Kansas, though a friend, says of Harkin, "He's a passion guy, not a dealmaker. You wouldn't want all 535 lawmakers to be passion guys. The place would be chaos."

After he got to the Senate by defeating the Republican incumbent, Roger Jepsen, in 1984, Harkin managed to combine dealmaking and passion to pass the 1990 Americans with Disabilities Act, a major statute that extends civil rights protection to the handicapped. Orrin Hatch of Utah, the key Republican in the deal, credits Harkin with skillful ac-

commodation on that issue. Yet Hatch also observes, "Some on our side feel that he is the liberal equivalent of Jesse Helms."

Harkin can probably live with the criticism that he is a noisy ideologue. Other accusations carry a sharper sting. Some Democratic associates in Iowa and Washington describe him as a thin-skinned loner, quick to take offense and slow to form close links with allies or underlings. Republican opponents routinely accuse him of foul political play. His first adversary was Congressman Bill Scherle, who beat Harkin in 1972 but lost to him two years later. Scherle recalls Harkin's approach as "fabrication and exaggeration." One ostensible example of that dogged Harkin in later years. In a 1980 book by David Broder, *Changing of the Guard*, Harkin is quoted as saying he spent one of his five years as a Navy pilot in Vietnam flying reconnaissance and patrol missions. In fact, as he carefully makes clear today, he was based in Japan ferrying damaged aircraft from Vietnam and other Asian sites.

In his 1984 race against Jepsen, abortion was a significant issue. At churches Harkin's camp distributed a highly misleading handbill. It asserted, "As a Catholic, Tom Harkin has always been opposed to abortion." In fact, he professes philosophical qualms but usually votes on the pro-choice side. The sheet also wrongly accused Jepsen of supporting the death penalty "if your daughter, sister or mother is raped and has an abortion."

Tactics that raw have disappeared from Harkin's script, but he often declines to let accuracy ruin a witty line or blunt a political dart. Angry that Bush may provide emergency assistance to the Soviet Union if food shortages worsen, Harkin says that G.O.P. niggardliness toward elderly Americans will force many of them "to choose this winter between heating and eating." Harkin dismisses the possibility of starvation in the Soviet Union: "I keep seeing these pictures of Russians. I've never seen a picture of a skinny one yet." When he argues for rapid reduction of U.S. forces in Europe, he uses the figure of 350,000. He doesn't mention that a drawdown is well under way; according to the Pentagon, the number of troops still in Europe is only 214,000.

Under the intense scrutiny of a Presidential campaign, this cunning carelessness could be a liability. But voters tend to ignore such details, and Harkin's obviously heartfelt commitment to his causes overshadows his lapses. Last week when he pleaded for expanding immunization services for impoverished children, he recalled getting shots from the visiting nurse at his "two-room country schoolhouse, middle of nowhere, Iowa." Neither he nor his five siblings had easy access to medical care in the town of Cumming (pop. 139). When he fought for the disabilities act, he had in mind his eldest brother, Frank, who lost his hearing at nine when he contracted spinal meningitis.

Bush's political handlers say they are eager to have Harkin as an opponent because his old-fashioned liberalism makes him an easy target. But Orrin Hatch, who knows Harkin better, predicts that "he's going to be a very formidable candidate." Conviction is a candidate's heavy armor, and Harkin's is thick. Those who disparage him as too ideological, too careless with facts, should remember 1980. Democratic strategists used the same points in explaining why they wanted the G.O.P. to nominate Ronald Reagan.

—With reporting by Nancy Traver/Washington

Harkin can be satirized as a liberal counterpart to right-wing ideologue Jesse Helms, and his cunning carelessness with facts may be a liability. But the prairie populist from Iowa comes honestly to the politics of roots and resentment. If conviction is a candidate's heavy armor, Harkin's is thick. And he'll need every inch of it to protect himself in the combat that is just beginning.

The Political Interest

Michael Kramer

Fears and Choices on the Road to '92

At this time four years ago, the Democratic presidential contenders were roundly derided as "the seven dwarfs." Ten months later, Michael Dukakis began the general election campaign with a double-digit lead and George Bush seemed doomed. "It is always volatile," says Roger Ailes, the media magician who helped guide Bush's comeback in 1988, "and it is sure to be volatile again. If 75 years of communism can collapse in three days, anything is possible, anywhere."

Ailes' caution is not surprising. Overconfidence is congenitally avoided so far in advance of an election. But G.O.P. strategists privately point to eight potential pitfalls capable of crippling the President next year, either singly or in combination:

1. Iran-*contra* disclosures suggesting that Bush knew more than he has admitted.

2. Proof that the late CIA director William Casey conspired to have U.S. hostages held by Iran until after the 1980 election.

3. A Supreme Court decision overturning *Roe v. Wade*, the abortion-rights decision, or some other court or Administration actions that cause large numbers of female Republicans to defect to the Democrats.

4. A foreign policy tangle that negates the high marks Bush has won for his handling of the gulf war and the Soviet Union's failed coup. (Upheaval in China is No. 1 on the watch list.)

5. Renewed concerns about the President's health that accentuate qualms about Dan Quayle.

6. A combative Democratic candidate who wages an "in your face" campaign that ties Bush closely to his patrician roots. After New York's Mario Cuomo, who still appears disinclined to run, Bush's advisers most fear Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa. Their public glee at the prospect of an old-fashioned liberal leading the Democrats is tempered by Harkin's populist rhetoric and slashing stump style.

7. A halting, flustered debate performance that diminishes Bush's strongest suit, his image of competence.

8. A slogging economy. This trumps every other fear. Administration officials admit they don't have a clue as to where the economy will be in the fall of '92 and that it won't matter what the economic indicators really prove. "If the polls continue to show that almost 60% of the electorate thinks the country is on the wrong track," says a G.O.P. aide, "we could be on the track out of here."

To some degree, these scenarios prove that political aides are paid to worry; most Bush advisers are confident about the outcome of next year's election. "Even with bumps in the road," says Rich Bond, the Republican consultant who engineered Bush's startling upset of Ronald Reagan in the 1980 Iowa caucuses, "at some point the President will stare straight into the camera and remind people that the world is still a very messy place and that he, rather than the other guy, has proved he can manage America's role in it. When all is said and done, that should be enough."

It is this underlying optimism that accounts for the quiet debate now consuming Bush's strategists: What kind of campaign should the President wage? There are two choices. Either Bush can ape Reagan and seek a first-ever 50-state landslide or he can run a serious coattail campaign designed to wrest effective control of Congress from the Democrats by devoting considerable time and money to helping specific congressional candidates. Past G.O.P. candidates have hoped for a trickle-down effect—a huge presidential victory that pulls in enough Republican legislators, who then join with conservative Democrats to fashion a working majority on major congressional initiatives. Trouble is, trickle down rarely works.

In political terms, a coattail campaign could be a twofold. Until now, Bush has testily sought to deflect his obvious lack of interest in domestic affairs by claiming he does indeed have a domestic policy—while at the same time saying that those who think otherwise should blame obstructionist congressional Democrats, not him. "If you run against the 'Do Nothing' Congress, as Truman did in 1948,"

says Bond, "you can both lower expectations of your own plurality so you're not called a loser even if you win, and you can put the Democrats on the defensive. A non-coattail campaign becomes a referendum on the President's first four years. It's hard to derive a working mandate from that."

Which is exactly why a coattail strategy should be pursued. "A serious President does everything he can to secure a meaningful mandate," says Ed Rollins, who directed Reagan's 1984 campaign. "And that means doing your best to elect a Congress of your own party. If you don't even try, then you deserve to be hit when you moan about how everything would just be fine if it

weren't for those lousy Democrats on the Hill."

Traditional presidential re-election campaigns allocate resources to areas won or lost marginally the first time around. A coattail strategy would operate in reverse. In 1988, for example, Bush carried Georgia with 60% of the vote while Democrat Wyche Fowler won his 1986 Senate race by only 2 points. With Fowler facing re-election this year, a coattail campaign would target an even greater effort in Georgia—not to raise the President's already ample victory margin but to drag in Fowler's Republican challenger.

That's the theory, and on paper it can be applied to a large number of Senate and House races. The question is, Will Bush go for it? The coattailers are up against two obstacles: the President's innate prudence, which makes him understandably leery of any strategy that could conceivably jeopardize his own re-election; and the vanity he shares with all politicians, which feeds his dream of besting the modern record shared by Reagan and Richard Nixon—a 49-state sweep. Those two hurdles alone may prove impossible to overcome, with predictable results: a normal "me first" campaign that produces a Bush victory and a Democratic Congress. Or, to put it another way, four more years of governmental paralysis. ■



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AMERICAN NOTES



Hanging out: with schools closed, local kids are on the streets

CITIES

Those Chelsea Blues

Forget the economic "miracle" touted by ex-Governor Michael Dukakis: Massachusetts is suffering its worst slump since the Great Depression. Banks have failed, real estate values have wilted, and unemployment remains above 9%. Last week one of the state's most beleaguered cities, Chelsea (pop. 28,222), just north of Boston, had to be saved from financial collapse.

Over the years, Chelsea absorbed a heavy stream of poor immigrants who receive substan-

tial amounts of welfare. Despite a \$9 million deficit (in a \$40 million budget), voters refuse to increase taxes, and city officials are unwilling to slash services. Result: schools still have not reopened this fall, and municipal employees are payless. The Massachusetts legislature last Wednesday empowered a private receiver to seize control of Chelsea and impose such drastic changes as revising police, fire and teacher contracts and suspending zoning rules. But lawmakers fear that Chelsea will demand new state funds, which may inspire other struggling towns to look to the statehouse for a bailout.

PHILANTHROPY

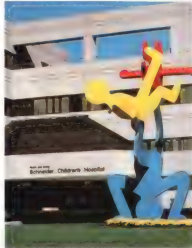
A Gift from the GoodFellas

The Gambino crime family is not usually known for good works. Its deeds are more likely to be chronicled in FBI reports about the Mob. There is one place, however, where the surname Gambino gets respect:

Schneider Children's Hospital in New Hyde Park, N.Y., which has received a \$2 million gift from Thomas and Joseph Gambino in memory of their late father Carlo. The money is funding a pediatric bone-marrow-transplant unit, the only such facility in the state. When it opens, it will bear the Gambino name.

That could pose an image problem for the hospital. After all, Carlo Gambino was the last of the old-style Godfathers, and his two

sons were indicted for racketeering last year. In accepting the donation, however, Schneider officials take a practical view. "Our mission," says a spokeswoman, "is to save lives." The father of a future patient puts the issue more starkly: "I don't understand what all the fuss is about. I have a daughter who will die if she doesn't get a transplant."



Schneider had no qualms about the donation

CONGRESS

A Boost for Abortion Rights

In one of many looming face-offs between the White House and Congress, the Senate last week defied George Bush's

threatened veto and passed a measure that would allow abortion counseling at federally funded clinics. It would also permit use of Medicaid funds for abortions for poor women who become rape or incest victims.

The ban on abortion counseling drew fire not only from

pro-choicers but also from the medical profession and free-speech advocates. They questioned the constitutionality of limiting the advice that doctors could give to patients, but the Supreme Court early this year upheld the prohibition. The Senate bill and a House version

will be reconciled in conference. The President, who has vetoed 21 bills and has never been overridden, was warned by congressional leaders of both parties that his winning streak will be at grave risk if he balks when the final bill reaches his desk.

COMBAT

Horror in The Desert

Were thousands of Iraqis buried alive during the allied operation against their front line last February? U.S. Army officers say that as tanks equipped with plows and bulldozers punched holes in the 70-mile-long Iraqi defense strip, enemy soldiers who refused to surrender were trapped under avalanches of sand. Colonel Anthony Moreno, commander of a unit that followed the initial U.S. breakthrough, recalls seeing arms

protruding from the sand. "For all I know, we could have buried thousands," he told *New York Newsday*.

Pentagon officials concede that some men were suffocated but say it is impossible to provide an accurate tally of those who died in that grisly manner. Of the Iraqis stationed in the trenches, 2,000 surrendered. "The rest," said Pentagon spokesman Pete Williams, "chose to stay and fight." Pointing out that the operation did not violate international rules of engagement, he added, "There is no nice way to kill somebody in war."



An M1A1 tank plows through the desert



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MIDDLE EAST

No Give and Take

Washington and Jerusalem find themselves at loggerheads over aid, even as a denouement to the hostage drama appears to be at hand

By JILL SMOLOWE

On the face of it, the request seemed reasonable enough—especially since the friend doing the asking was also the friend destined to be doing the giving. But last week when President Bush, anxious to keep the Middle East peace process on track, asked Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir to delay his request for \$10 billion in loan guarantees to help with the settlement of Soviet Jewish émigrés, Shamir responded with a belligerent no. Americans, Shamir insisted, “are obliged, from a moral point of view, to give Israel this aid.” Moreover, he lectured, “humanitarian aid” should not be mixed up with political considerations.

Morality lectures from Shamir, Bush did not need. And when the pro-Israeli lobbyists subsequently stepped up their efforts to secure quick passage of the loan guarantees on Capitol Hill, an irate Bush summoned his aides, saying, “I want to talk to the American people.” Last Thursday afternoon Bush stepped into the White House press room, the stony fighter-pilot look in his eyes not unlike the determination he exhibited the morning after Iraq invaded Kuwait. In plain language he threatened to veto any congressional loan bill that might emerge before the prospective Middle East peace conference, which he hopes to get off the ground next month. Pounding the lectern, he warned that a divisive congressional debate over the guarantees “could well destroy our ability to bring one or more of the parties” to the Middle East peace table. “Too much is at stake to let domestic politics take precedence over peace,” Bush declared.

It was the most fractious moment in U.S.-Israeli relations since Ronald Reagan tried in vain to stop Israel's advance on Beirut in 1982. Bush's decision to abandon quiet diplomacy and publicly flag his determination to push the Shamir government toward a peaceful resolution of its conflict with its Arab neighbors left Israel stunned—but largely unrepentant. After days of bellicose statements from Shamir hinting that he would rather see the peace conference founder than withdraw his request for loan guarantees, Israel offered one carrot. “Israel is not seeking a confronta-



A new Jewish settlement of mobile homes near the West Bank city of Hebron

tion with the U.S., its ally,” said Foreign Minister David Levy, whose views do not always reflect Shamir's. Yet Israeli officials continued to balk at Bush's linkage between the guarantees and the peace conference. “Our request for guarantees,” Levy said, “is not a provocation against anyone, nor a hindrance to the advancement of the peace process.”

The very public—and very ugly—spat left the historic affinity between Jerusalem and Washington more strained than ever. Israel, which has traditionally relied on a sympathetic U.S. Congress to circumvent setbacks with the Oval Office, has brushed up against a stern challenger in Bush. With the cold war ended, Israel no longer enjoys standing as Washington's “unsinkable aircraft carrier” in the Mediterranean. Indeed, the Bush Administration believes the biggest threat to U.S. interests in the region stems from the Arab-Israeli conflict, which gives Muslim fundamentalists a stick with which to beat their moderate, pro-U.S. governments. Moreover, Bush, who has a 70% approval rating, knows that unquestioning popular support at home for economic aid to Israel has weakened for three reasons:

America's own pressing economic needs; mounting skepticism about Israel's ability to spend the money prudently; given its inefficient, centralized economy; and the callousness of the Shamir government toward Palestinian rights.

Bush's harsh message came at a particularly awkward moment. Just a day earlier, Israel had released 51 Lebanese prisoners and the bodies of nine others, reviving hope for a comprehensive hostage solution that would lead to the release of the 10 Westerners still missing in Lebanon—among them, five Americans. But if Israeli officials hoped this timely gesture might lower the heat emanating from the Oval Office, they were sorely disappointed. To remind Israel of its debt to the U.S., and maybe even to diminish the importance of the relative power Israel now wields over the fate of the five American hostages, Bush said, “Just months ago, American men and women in uniform risked their lives to defend Israelis in the face of Iraqi Scud missiles.”

But Shamir cannot afford to worry about a collision with the U.S. Administration when his own political future is so



At a border point, Israeli soldiers turn over the remains of nine Shi'ite guerrillas to the Lebanese Red Cross

shaky. Shamir has staked his reputation on a concise formula: no land for peace. He has no sympathy for Bush's concern that an aid package to Israel at this time would be interpreted by Arabs as a tacit endorsement of Jerusalem's policy of building Jewish settlements in the occupied territories. Quite the contrary, Shamir fears that if he capitulates to Bush and freezes construction of the Jewish settlements, the move might signal that a question mark hangs over the future of the West Bank, Gaza and East Jerusalem—and as a result, his government might fall.

Shamir also confronts an economic morass that does not permit him to ease up on his request for loan guarantees. Since mid-1989, 300,000 Soviet Jews have emigrated to Israel, and it is estimated that the number may top 1 million by 1995. Israel, which had a population of 4.5 million before the influx began, lacks the resources to absorb so many. Health care, schools and infrastructural needs are all suffering; early this year unemployment hit a record high of 10.8%. Moreover, the tide of immigrants improves the demographic position for Israel's Jews, many of whom feared un-

til recently that they would be outnumbered within the next 25 years by Arabs living in Israel and the occupied territories.

If Shamir is not overstating Israel's great need, Bush is not overstating the potentially catastrophic effect of an extension of unconditional loan guarantees on the peace process. Arabs are convinced that any such guarantees will go toward the settling of Soviet Jews in the occupied territories, whether they are applied directly to that purpose or simply free up other Israeli funds for settlement construction. Syria's President Hafez Assad might refuse to attend the peace conference, taking Jordan and the Palestinians with him. "This is a classic lose-lose proposition," says a senior Administration official. "If the bill provides for guarantees without conditions, we lose the Arabs. If it provides for guarantees with conditions, we lose the Israelis."

Loan guarantees could also upset the hostage negotiations at a delicate moment. In 1990 kidnappers threatened to harm American hostages if the immigration of Soviet Jews to Israel continued. A favorable vote on Capitol Hill could unravel months of careful diplomacy by U.N. Sec-

retary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar. Last week the prospects for an end to the seven-year-old hostage insanity looked more promising than ever. In exchange for the release of 51 prisoners and nine bodies, Israel received firm confirmation from the pro-Iranian Hizballah of the death of one of its seven missing servicemen and inconclusive evidence of the death of another. Through a separate channel, Israel also secured the remains of a soldier in exchange for allowing a deported Palestinian militant to return to the West Bank.

The flurry of activity produced other promising signs. Encouraging communiqués issued by two groups of kidnappers confirmed for the first time since his abduction in May 1989 that Briton Jack Mann is still alive. Reuters quoted an unidentified official in Beirut as saying an American and a Briton, possibly envoy Terry Waite, would be released "for certain" within a week. That sounded as though the end game may now be under way in earnest. But nothing on the Middle East chessboard is for certain.

—Reported by Lisa Beyer/
Jerusalem, Dan Goodgame/Washington and
Lara Markove/Beirut

SOVIET UNION

Will a Weak Democracy Spawn a Dictatorship?

Wild inflation and pending economic collapse stir worries of a rebound to authoritarian government

By **GEORGE J. CHURCH**

Inflation runs riot, sapping an already weakened economy; people go cold and hungry. A weak democratic government fails to maintain order, and is vilified by nationalists furious at the country's fall from world power to beggary. An attempted coup designed to install a dictatorship collapses, and its leaders are tried for treason. But after a final economic breakdown marked by mass unemployment, fascists come to power with wide popular support and institute a ruthless totalitarianism.

Historical parallels are never exact, of course. The Soviet Union is not fated to replay this capsule history of Germany's Weimar Republic. But the possibility cannot be dismissed either. And this time the drama might not take as long as the nine-plus years that elapsed between the failure of Adolf Hitler's 1923 beer-hall putsch and the founding of the Third Reich.

Some experts fear trouble in Russia and other Soviet republics even this winter, if food shortages deepen into famine and provoke riots. "Perhaps the threat of dictatorship has been removed for the time being, but the danger persists," says former Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, who accurately foretold the failed August coup attempt by old-line communists. "I am afraid of uncontrolled, spontaneous [crowd] movements," he adds. "The people are tired, and food is lacking."

Lev Timofeyev, a prominent Russian republic economist, is more specific, and even gloomier. Says he: "If we do not introduce full-fledged private-property rights and freedom of private entrepreneurship within the next two months, we are in for such catastrophes and upheavals that they will sweep away [Russian President Boris] Yeltsin, [Prime Minister Ivan] Silayev and you and me. This country is already in the midst of a real economic and financial catastrophe. If the West does not help us, we are in for some very serious attempts to restore a fascist-type regime."

Moreover, even if Russia and the other republics somehow get through the winter and begin the economic shock treatment Timofeyev demands, they face a gargantuan long-term job of converting to a free-market economy, which may not bring prosperity for many years. Meanwhile, the nation is certain to suffer rising unemploy-

ment as inefficient industries are shut down and continued inflation as more and more prices are set free. That would be an explosive mix anywhere, but especially in the U.S.S.R. (or whatever loose confederacy may succeed it). Inefficient as the old communist economy was, it did provide jobs of a sort for everybody and a steady, if meager, supply of basic goods at low, subsidized prices; Soviet citizens for more than 70 years were conditioned to expect that from their government. Says a Moscow worker: "We had everything during [Leonid] Brezhnev's times. There was sausage in the stores. We could buy vodka. Things were normal."

But if there are disturbing resemblances to Weimar, there are also heartening differences. One is the diametrically opposite attitude of foreign governments. The victors of World War I were bent on humiliating and punishing Germany and saddled the Weimar regime with ruinous reparation payments that drained off badly needed resources. The winners of the cold war are warmly encouraging nascent democracy in what used to be the U.S.S.R. and are considering pumping in money and goods to prop it up.

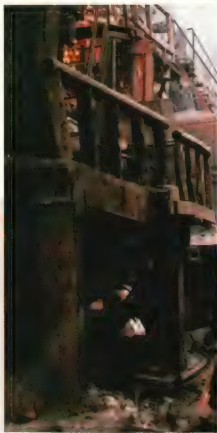
Prospects that such aid will become a reality improved markedly last week. U.S. Secretary of State James Baker, visiting Moscow, declared that help need not be delayed until a new union of Soviet republics actually begins carrying out sweeping economic reforms. Commitment to a credible plan, he said, would be enough. For his part,

In 1990 about 25% of the Soviet harvest never made it to market

And though potatoes jam one bin, the harvest is down in 1991.

Industrial production has fallen 15% so far this year

And reform will shut down aged plants like this Siberian foundry.





Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev announced that the U.S.S.R. would withdraw its personnel from Cuba and eliminate economic subsidies, thus meeting a major condition the Bush Administration had laid down for American aid. Russian officials began talking about handing back to Japan the southern Kurile Islands, which were seized at the end of World War II. Tokyo has insisted on return of the islands as its principal condition for Japanese participation in any major aid program.

But it is not at all certain that aid will be either large or timely enough to rescue the economy. A common estimate in the West is that \$15 billion to \$20 billion a year for three years would be needed. Soviet officials have never given an overall estimate, but Gorbachev and Silayev last week asked the 12-nation European Community for a stunning \$6 billion to \$7 billion worth of food (grain, meat, butter, powdered milk) just to get through the first half of 1992. F.C. President Jacques Delors so far has talked of only an immediate \$2 billion. There is a serious question, too, of how to distribute any additional help: Through what remains of the central government or through republics or even smaller political units?

Moscow is thronged these days with representatives of republics and even municipalities besieging foreign diplomats with separate pleas for help. But the political disorganization is so severe that even the aid already pledged cannot be properly distributed. The Bush Administration has offered to guarantee bank loans this year of \$1.5 billion to the Soviet Union to enable it to buy American grain, but only \$915 million has been advanced. Banks are halking at putting up the remaining \$585 million. They fear the central government will either stretch out repayment of the U.S.S.R.'s foreign debt or parcel out that debt among the republics; some might be unable or unwilling to repay. The banks conceivably could lose the 2% of principal, and interest in excess of 4.5%, not covered by Washington's guarantee.

Meanwhile, the Soviet economy is imploding at an alarming rate. Grigori Yavlinsky, chief economic policymaker for the transitional central government, estimates that prices are rising 2% to 3% a week, and his figure is conservative; Yevgeni Yasin, another leading economist, puts the increase at 191% just in the first half of 1991. The Soviet mint is currently printing rubles at four times the 1987 rate. Money is becoming so worthless that growing numbers of citizens are turning to barter.

Total production so far this year has fallen 10%, and the decline for all 1991 might reach 15%. Food shortages occurred last winter because of distribution breakdowns, even though the grain crop came in at a near record 237 million tons. This year farmers seem likely to harvest only 190 million tons, and distribution is, if anything, worse. There is a real question of how

much Western food sent in aid might spoil before reaching consumers.

The first essential for even moderating the slide is an agreement restoring some sort of economic cooperation among the republics. Without it, says Yasin, "I think we would have a 20% to 30% drop in production and inflation of 1,000%," a Weimar-like figure. Yavlinsky last week sent to the republics a draft of an agreement that would provide for a common banking system and a common currency—the ruble—and would make private property the basis for a new Soviet economy. But there are at least two competing plans being bruited about, and while the debate rages, the tide is running against any sort of cooperation. Republics are starting to set up customs posts and other hindrances to the movement of goods across their borders, and people are beginning to hoard food.

Authoritarianism is cropping up in some of the republics. The leaders of Azerbaijan, Georgia and some Central Asian republics, while fiercely bent on independence from Moscow, are anything but lenient toward internal opposition. "There are a lot of Saddam Husseins arising in the Asian part of the country," warns Vladimir Sirotkin, a prestigious Soviet historian.

The major arena, however, is Russia, which by sheer size and wealth is sure to



Produce from Georgia on sale in Moscow

dominate any new union. Some intellectuals are already worried about the eclipse of the Supreme Soviet, the union-wide parliament, and the concentration of what central power exists in jerry-built executive bodies. Effective power has flowed largely to Yeltsin, whose habit of issuing frequent and sweeping decrees is making liberals apprehensive.

Few thinkers believe that an avowedly communist dictatorship can be re-established. Popular hatred of the last one runs

too deep. But many do fear an alliance of former communist apparatchiks with Slavonic nationalists who reject parliamentary democracy as un-Russian.

Even if such an alliance were formed, of course, it might be prevented from coming to power. Sheer self-interest may well push the republics, or at least most of the bigger ones, into an alliance that, combined with massive and timely Western aid, would stop the economic disintegration. And Russians have what German democrats in the Weimar period woefully lacked: forceful, popular leaders like Yeltsin—who on the whole has been more democrat than autocrat—St. Petersburg Mayor Anatoli Sobchak and Moscow Mayor Gavril Popov. Authoritarians as yet have no leader with any comparable clout. But a lawyer named Vladimir Zhirinovskiy did run third in last June's Russian presidential election despite—or because of—his wild ideas (he now speaks of solving food shortages by invading the former East Germany with an army brandishing nuclear weapons). Says economist Timofeyev: "Right now, Zhirinovskiy seems like a fool, but we have to remember that nobody took Adolf Hitler seriously until it was too late."

—Reported by James Carney and James O. Jackson/Moscow and Christopher Ogden with Baker

America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

Journey Without Maps

Two cheers for President Bush's performance during the grand finale of the Soviet era. Granted, there has been more tone than content to his approach, but the tone has been just about right.

In other contexts, Bush's obsession with prudence and caution sometimes makes him seem like a stick-in-the-mud. But recently, when even the most exhilarating events have often seemed to be moving too fast for anyone's good, Bush's go-slow instincts were welcome. Given the manic tempo of the times, it's been comforting to know that George was there, working the phones, talking with his old friend Mikhail and his new friend Boris.

Bush's message to both has been a mixture of moral support and friendly advice to ease up a bit, particularly on each other. He's been like the coolly competent air-traffic controller in a Hollywood disaster movie, coaxing down to earth crippled planes in the midst of a raging storm. If there are no crashes in the coming months, he'll deserve some of the credit.

Critics have chided Bush for not having a master plan or doctrine that will bear his name in the history books. So far, that has not been much of a handicap. No Big Think could have anticipated what happened in August. Everyone feared a conservative coup, but no one expected it would consummate the revolution.

In geopolitics as in logistics, the map is not the territory;

following dotted lines on a piece of paper, you can still get lost or fall into a swamp or an ambush. As Bush felt his way through these past two years, he may have been better off with his natural aptitude for reassuring people and his preference for restraining them than he would have been with a Kissingerian or Brzezinskiian grand design.

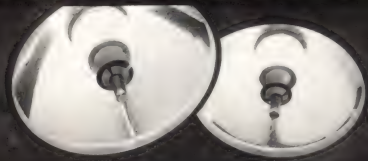
During a period of spectacular and almost entirely happy endings—the Kremlin's capitulation in its global rivalry with the U.S., the emancipation of Eastern Europe, the dismantling of the last vestiges of the Stalinist police state and the retirement without honor of the mother of all Communist Parties—it has been sufficient for Bush to lead the decorous applause. But now the situation is changing in ways that no longer play to his strengths.

The next stage should be one of beginnings. Old alliances and concepts of security, conceived in the cold war, cry out for redefinition to cope with new or resurgent threats, like nationalism. For their own good, the industrialized democracies have to mount an all-out campaign to help rebuild the shattered Soviet bloc into a sturdy component of a peaceful, prosperous, free-trading international order. For its part, the U.S. must formulate a post-cold-war agenda that will keep it fully engaged abroad even as it attends to its problems at home.

The White House recognizes the challenge. In instructions to the bureaucracy to prepare a study of future strategies, Bush and his principal aides have drawn up a list of many of the right questions. But when they make a stab at answers, they have little to offer. The President and other officials argue for retaining NATO, which is a stopgap at best, and a unitary Soviet Union, which is already a thing of the past.

Just as it was at the beginning of his Administration, Bush's lack of "the vision thing" is again painfully evident—and likely to become more so. Unless the President can make the transition from a soothing, accessible, avuncular figure to a more active, articulate and innovative one, the world will be deprived of its best hope for leadership in the months and years ahead. ■

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CUBA

So Long, Amigos

Moscow's planned troop pullout and embrace of free trade intensify Havana's political and economic isolation

By SUSAN TIFFT

The Bay of Pigs invasion. The Cuban missile crisis. Communist adventurism in Africa and Central America. Some of the hottest moments of the cold war were the result of the Soviet Union's three-decade-long military presence in Cuba. But with the superpower face-off a fading memory and postcoup Moscow desperate for Western aid, it seemed well past time to say goodbye to all that—which is what Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev finally did last week. Flanked by Secretary of State James Baker, who was in Moscow on a fact-finding mission, Gorbachev announced that thousands of Soviet servicemen stationed in Cuba would soon be coming home. He also vowed to put economic ties with Cuba, which has long enjoyed Soviet subsidies, on a free-trade basis. "We will remove elements from that relationship that were born in a different era," he said.

Moscow's gesture, which Baker hailed as "very substantial," is a critical first step toward terminating a relationship that has bedeviled the U.S. since 1960, when Nikita Khrushchev first sent Soviet advisers to Cuba to shore up the communist government of Fidel Castro. If fully carried out, it will also help smooth the way for broader U.S. aid, which Washington has tied to an exodus of the Soviet contingent. Coupled with a U.S.-Soviet agreement announced late last week to halt arms shipments to the warring factions in Afghanistan, the Cuban pullout signaled Moscow's desire to disengage from costly commitments abroad and concentrate on more urgent priorities at home.

Although Gorbachev gave no timetable for the Cuban withdrawal, he indicated it should not take "many months" to complete. Less certain is the number of troops involved. In his statement the Soviet leader referred to a "training brigade" of 11,000. But the State Department estimates the entire Soviet military presence in Cuba to be no more than 7,600, including 2,800 soldiers, 1,200 civilian technical advisers, 1,500 military advisers and 2,100 technicians assigned to the huge

Lourdes facility outside Havana, which eavesdrops on U.S. telecommunications. Moscow did make apparent, however, that it expects Washington to match its retreat from Cuba by withdrawing from Guantánamo Bay naval base on the island's southeast shore, which the U.S. has occupied since 1903.

Havana's reaction was predictable: outrage. In a sharply worded statement, Cuba's Foreign Ministry criticized Moscow for "inappropriate behavior" in failing to consult with its ally before announcing the pullout. The breach of protocol aside, Ha-

vana acknowledged that the Soviet military presence had become largely symbolic. The number of Soviet troops on the island peaked at more than 42,000 in 1962, and has been in decline ever since. Far more worrisome to Havana is Moscow's planned change in its conduct of trade, which promises to intensify Cuba's political isolation and economic deprivation.

The Soviets now supply more than 85% of the island's imports, including most of its oil, which Moscow swaps for Cuban sugar at such high valuations that it amounts to an effective annual subsidy worth millions. Putting this arrangement on a free-market basis, as Gorbachev promised to do, will knock out one of the few remaining pillars of the crumbling Cuban economy.

That support had been shrinking for some time. Gorbachev began distancing himself from Castro's orthodox regime in 1989. Last year Moscow started removing special trade terms for Cuba and pared back its subsidy of sugar, citrus and other Cuban goods from \$5 billion annually to about \$3.5 billion. Oil shipments dipped 25%, prompting Cuba to adopt draconian energy-saving measures. Bicycles imported from China now supplement gas-guzzling public transit, and oxen are gradually substituting for farm machinery. With dwindling foreign-exchange reserves, Cuba has few alternatives if trade with the Soviets dries up altogether.

Most of the 1 million Cuban exiles in the U.S. were gleefully certain that discontent over worsening economic conditions would soon unhorse the 64-year-old Castro. But in the short term, that seems unlikely. His regime is kept firmly in place with the help of a battle-tested 180,000-man armed forces headed by his brother Raúl, and the slightest gesture of opposition is swiftly put down.

Moreover, Washington, which has been obsessed with scuttling Castro ever since the 1962 Cuban missile crisis brought the superpowers to the brink of nuclear war, now seems oddly reluctant to hasten his fall by tightening the 31-year-old U.S. embargo. But that is understandable: the White House does not want to risk disrupting U.S.-Soviet relations or angering its Latin American allies. Besides, with communism in eclipse worldwide and the economic noose rapidly tightening around the aging Castro's neck, it may only be a matter of time before one of the hemisphere's most notorious dictators tumbles of his own weight—or dies. —Reported by Cathy Booth/Miami and Yuri Zarakhovich/Moscow



Happier days in Havana: now Gorbachev is less faithful to Fidel

WORLD NOTES

SOUTH AFRICA

Death in the Townships

The church-sponsored peace accord signed last weekend by the governing National Party and the country's leading black parties—the African National Congress and Inkatha—was supposed to help end the factional violence that has taken the lives of almost 11,000 blacks since 1984. But in the week leading up to the agreement, more than 120 people were killed in the year's worst outbreak of black-on-black violence, dashing hopes that the pact would soon bring peace to the strife-torn townships.

The latest bloodletting began in Thokoza, southeast of Johannesburg, when gunmen opened fire on Zulus headed for an Inkatha rally. The toll: 23 dead. Avenging Zulus held the A.N.C. responsible, and within hours were on the offensive in



Thokoza bus ripped by a grenade

Thokoza and other townships. Over the next five days, at least 100 more died in clashes that included attacks on commuter buses and trains. The A.N.C. denied involvement, suggesting instead that right-wing white extremists were to blame. That could be true, but many blacks were unconvinced. "It seems we cannot cope with victory," wrote Aggrey Klaaste, editor of the black newspaper the *Sowetan*. "White soldiers are now needed to tear us from one another's throats."



Five of the seven convicted editors await transit in a police van

GREECE

Editors Twice Barred

In a standoff between the center-left press and the conservative government of Prime Minister Constantine Mitsotakis,

the editors of seven Greek newspapers went to jail last week for terms ranging from five to 10 months rather than comply with a new law prohibiting them from publishing statements from terrorists. The anti-terrorist legislation, which took effect last December, was pre-

ceded in part by the 1989 assassination of Mitsotakis' son-in-law by the terrorist group known as November 17. The law's intent is to deny publicity to the organization, which regularly sends long-winded statements to newspapers.

The showdown began June 6, when Serafeim Fyntanidis, managing editor of the liberal daily *Eleftherotipia*, was arrested for publishing November 17's claim of responsibility for a series of bombings. Six papers followed suit the next day. Despite their incarceration in the Korydallos maximum-security prison, near Athens, the convicted editors continue to run their papers by phone. "The battle we started will not end here," says Fyntanidis. "We will continue—in or out of prison."

BRITAIN

Season of "Hotting"

On the bleak housing estates of northeastern England, where unemployment runs as high as 40%, the closing days of summer produced an outbreak of "hotting"—the teenage sport of racing stolen cars. Last week, during four nights of disturbances, one full-scale riot raged for five

hours on an estate in Newcastle-upon-Tyne that is locally known as "the Bronx." Hundreds of youngsters fire-bombed buildings, wrecked and looted shops and stoned the police.

The violence was apparently touched off by the death earlier this month of two young men who were killed while being chased by police at speeds of up to 125 m.p.h. Relatives said the youths had been taking part in another form of auto-

mobile delinquency, "ram raiding," which involves driving stolen cars right into stores and then looting them.

Although this year's violence has been widespread, involving similar incidents in Oxford, Cardiff and Birmingham, the *Times* of London concluded that the worst was over. All would be well when the weather changed, an editorial predicted, because "the best policeman of all is rain."

THE PHILIPPINES

Farewell to Subic Bay

The Philippine Senate seemed set this week to vote against the treaty signed last July that extended U.S. access to its giant naval base at Subic Bay for 10 years. Rejection of the agreement will bring to an end more than 90 years of American military presence in the Philippines.

The new base treaty needs the approval of two-thirds of the 23-member Senate. Although President Corazon Aquino, the armed forces and a large majority of the public clearly favor the agreement, 12 Senators are adamantly opposed, thus killing any chance of ratification.

The Philippines faces the



Opponents of U.S. bases demonstrate at a Manila rally

loss of \$305 million annually, which the U.S. had agreed to pay for the use of Subic Bay over the next 10 years; some 25,000 jobs for Filipinos on and around the base, with a payroll of more than \$110 million annually; and the prospect of diminished economic and military aid. Secre-

tary of Defense Dick Cheney reflected Washington's tough response when he declared last week, "We'll pack up and move. That's it." But other officials indicated that the U.S. would listen if, in the next few months, the Philippines can find a way around the Senate's rejection.



Business

STYLE

California Dreamin'

Ideas for the world's autos now come from design studios clustered around (where else?) trendsetting L.A.

By KURT ANDERSEN

Clichés may be clichés, but they are usually also true. The great nuggets of conventional wisdom about Southern California—the easy embrace of novelty, an approach to creative endeavors largely unencumbered by tradition, a profound attachment to cars—are not only apt; they have converged to form an extraordin-

ary new center for automobile design.

Most cars are still dreamed up in Detroit and Turin, Wolfsburg and Tokyo. But virtually all the world's major automobile companies—18 to date—have established design departments within an hour or two of downtown Los Angeles. The Japanese were first. Then came special think tanks run by America's Big Three. So far, an estimated two dozen production-model cars have been shaped

by the new California design colony, including, of course, the delicious, almost perfect, and instantly successful Miata, designed by four young Americans (and a Japanese) working for Mazda in Orange County. Now the influx has accelerated, and even the Germans have designed to establish Southern California design studios—Mercedes last year, Audi last spring and, just last month, BMW.

Pleasant weather is only part of the at-



HOW IDEAS TAKE SHAPE: An automotive designer creates a sketch for a new car design. Next, workers take his vision and transform it into a full-size clay model. Finally, technicians get measurements from a dummy version for use on the real thing.

traction. There is a collective sense that to design for Americans requires understanding them viscerally, and a belief that Los Angeles is not just the wellspring of car culture but as close to Ur-America as any one place gets. More prosaically, Southern California represents the biggest automobile showroom anywhere: every year 3% of all new cars on the planet are registered in California, and most of those in Southern California. If you're to succeed in the U.S., you must sell in Southern California. And to do that, observes Peter Fischer, a marketing vice president at Volkswagen, "you have to see, feel, smell what these customers want." Says Mark Jordan, who was Mazda's chief designer on the Miata: "If you can excite the people in California, the rest of the country will take care of itself." The world's car companies have been drawn to L.A. by the same giddy promise—a fresh start, anything goes—that has always pulled in immigrants. Detroit has been creating cars its own way for 75 years. In Europe and Japan the conventional wisdoms can be confining, even stultifying. "We selected a place like San Diego for our de-

sign studio," says Gerald Hirschberg, Nissan's chief U.S. designer, "because it had no track record, no history. It feels like almost anything is possible out here."

But the rationale is not simply the need to meet the demands of the American car market or harness the spirit of innovation. From the homogeneous vantage points of Japan and Germany, the exuberant free thinking seems to be a function of L.A.'s slam-bang Anglo-Afro-Latino-Asian ethnic mix—cultural democracy by default. "The Southern California area is like a melting pot—there are so many different races," says Mitsubishi vice president Satoru Tsujimoto. "From those different backgrounds, there are many different values. So there are many different designs." For companies acutely conscious of their need to sell cars all over the world to people of wildly disparate sensibilities and experiences, California seems like an unsurpassed multicultural proving ground.

The intellectual epicenter of this design cluster, which runs from Ventura down to San Diego, is the Art Center College of De-

sign in Pasadena. Among car designers, no institution is more highly regarded. The Art Center exists in cozy symbiosis with the industry: working designers, such as Geza Loczi, who heads Volvo's studio in Camarillo, train students like Michael Ma, 26, a Vietnamese refugee who graduated this August and went directly to work for the Mercedes studio in Irvine. Ten of the 18 Southern California auto-design studios are run by Art Center alumni, and their staffs are dominated by fellow graduates, including Mazda's Mark Jordan.

The studios are small, usually consisting of 10 to 20 designers, most of them American (10 of 13 at Mazda, all 20 at Mitsubishi). Because their headquarters are thousands of miles away, the designers stationed in California exist in splendid—and creatively productive—isolation, relatively free from the kill-joy scrutiny of bean counters, marketing drones and engineers. "After a year in the U.S.," says Gerhard Steinle, chief of the Mercedes studio, "I see how important it is to be away from the factory."

The California design shops do seem

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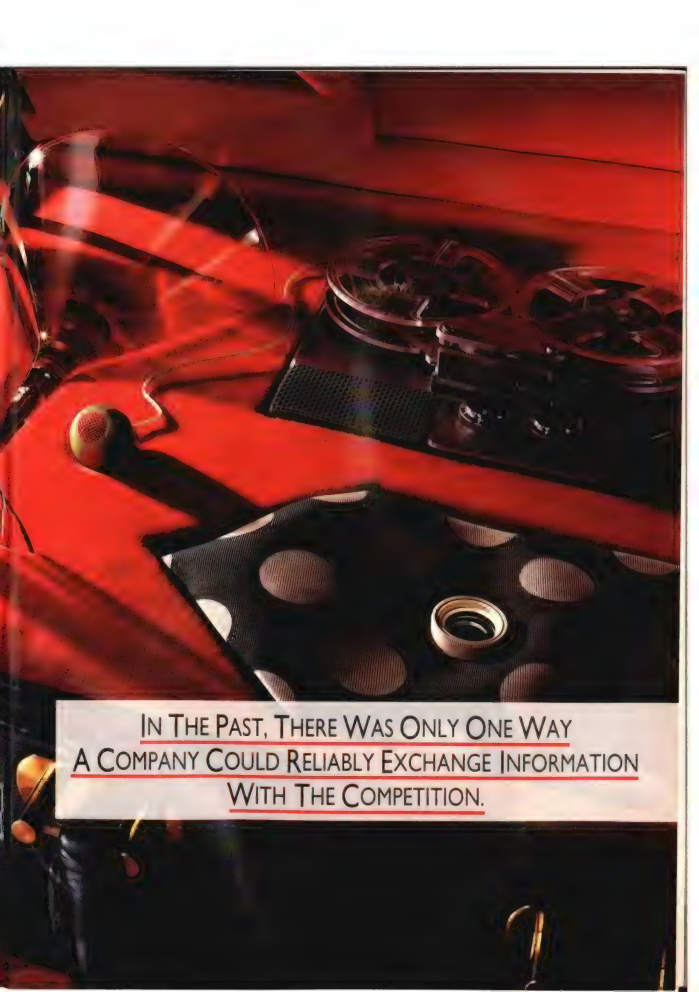
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IN THE PAST, THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY
A COMPANY COULD RELIABLY EXCHANGE INFORMATION
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Business



Fantasy Ilivvers: Mercedes' Michael Ma with his Tataanka, inspired by the American buffalo.

blessedly free of the factory-like organization that prevails in Detroit and elsewhere. Designer Alberto Palma, 27, interned at General Motors in Detroit before coming to work for Toyota in Newport Beach. He found the GM experience "kind of stuffy. Everyone was divided into units for different aspects of design. Here we can sit down and talk about a project from ground up." Jack Stavara, Mazda's director of product planning and research who masterminded the marketing of the Miata, agrees. "Frankly," says Stavara, who worked for Chrysler for five years, "I needed to get out of Detroit, because there weren't fresh ideas there. We start with a fresh sheet of paper."

It is the Japanese companies that seem to take their Californians most seriously. Of the two dozen or so cars that have been largely or entirely designed in California over the past 15 years, most have been Japanese, notably the Miata, Honda's sporty CRX and Toyota's Celica. Mercedes, which set up shop only last October, plans to have a California prototype by the end of next year. The other Europeans are proceeding more timidly. The sort of California innovations Audi expects in the near term, for instance, are tilt-down steering wheels and dashboard coffee-cup holders.

The American automakers opened their studios in 1983 and 1984, and Chrysler's brand new LH model—an intriguing would-be car with the wheels 10 in. farther back than standard to create more legroom and a stabler ride—is mostly a California creative product. But, in general, Detroit has been typically cautious in handing design responsibilities to the Californians. Ford's chief designer, Jack Telnack, allows that the recent Thunderbird and Escort models have only been "influenced" by notions from their people on the coast.

The Miata, with its convertible top and intense colors, is the only product of the Los Angeles studios that exudes a distinct regional pizzazz—the first truly postmodern

but-practical Middle American vehicles (Toyota's Previa minivan, Nissan's Pathfinder, Isuzu's Trooper and Amigo) or else sports cars that temper the species' inherent sexiness with a certain grownup decorousness (the Celica, the Miata).

The most interesting, thoughtfully conceived new cars coming out of Southern California may, in the end, owe less to local free-spirit-edness than to the simple wisdom of hiring a few talented people and allowing them to work, leaving their problem-solving sessions and reveries undisturbed by the anxious buzz of corporate headquarters.

Many of their fetching schemes—

Toyota's inflatable car; Isuzu's moon-unit Expresso minivan; Michael Ma's Tataanka, a sort of 21st century Beetle—will prove too impractical, too expensive, too weird. But the great achievement of the new California design colony is that such cars are being imagined and prototypes built. After decades of nothing but uninspired nips and tucks, of corporate blandness, of timid styling, automobile designers are being allowed to design again.

—With reporting by Joe Scarsy/Detroit and Matt Rothman/Los Angeles



A reinterpretation of the sports car: the instantly popular Miata.

How to raise a child on \$12 a month

Here in America \$12 a month will not even pay for school lunches. But overseas, \$12 will work a miracle.

For example, please take a close look at little Larni. Twelve dollars a month can change her life forever...

...a life spent in a wooden shack, built on stilts, over a disease-infested swamp. And at night she gets a bowl of rice to eat and goes to sleep on a floor mat.

Her only toys are a worn-out teddy bear and a ragged doll. Her secondhand dress is patched and too small for her. She desperately needs a better diet to build strong bones, medicine when she is sick, water that is not contaminated, and a chance to go to school.

And all this can happen for only \$12 a month!

Will you help raise a child like Larni?

This is a full sponsorship program—designed for Americans who are unable to send \$20, \$21, or even \$22 a month to other sponsorship organizations.

Here's what you will receive:

- a 3 1/2" x 5" photograph of the child you are helping.
 - two personal letters from your child each year.
 - a complete Sponsorship Kit with your child's case history and a special report about the country where your child lives.
 - regular issues of "Sponsorship News."
- And if you wish, you can send the child you are helping special birthday and Christmas cards.

All this for only \$12 a month?

Yes, because we work hard to reduce the cost without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

Your \$12 a month will provide so much:

- emergency food, clothing and medical care.
- a chance to attend school.
- help for the child's family and community with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition and other vital areas.

Will you help raise a child?

Here's how you can become a sponsor:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you wish to sponsor a boy or girl and select the country of your choice.

2. Or better yet, just mark an "X" in the "Emergency List" box, and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs your love.

3. Mail the coupon and your first \$12 monthly payment to Children International.

And then in just a few days, you will receive your child's name, photograph and case history. And you will be on your way to an exciting adventure.

May we hear from you? We believe our sponsorship program protects the dignity of a child and family, and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.



At nightfall, Larni eats her bowl of rice and sleeps on a floor mat. She lives in a wooden shack, built on stilts, over a disease-infested swamp.

Sponsorship Application FORM 1

- ☐ Yes, I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of \$12. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
- Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand
☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia
☐ Guatemala ☐ Ecuador ☐ Holy Land Child
- ☐ OR, choose a child who most needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

- ☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.
- ☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of \$

Please forward your U.S. tax-deductible check, made payable to:

Children International.

Joseph Gripkey, President
 2000 East Red Bridge Road • Box 419413
 Kansas City, Missouri 64141

A worldwide organization serving children since 1936.
 Financial report readily available upon request.

ADVERTISING

What's It All About, Calvin?

Jeans genius Klein pumps lots of cash and controversy—but not many jeans—into a magazine supplement

J“cans,” intones Calvin Klein, “are about *sssex*.”

He first discovered that truth in 1980, when 15-year-old Brooke Shields cooed that nothing came between her and her Calvins, “nothing.” That ad campaign ruffled a lot of feathers, sold a lot of jeans and spawned a hypothalamus-numbing host of imitators.

Though Klein has since been distracted by selling perfumes with names like *Obsession* and *Escape*, he's once again focusing on the jeans war, and his opening salvo is a 116-page ad supplement that accompanies the October issue of *Vanity Fair*. It is touted as the largest ad supplement for a consumer magazine in U.S. history, and industry sources say Klein spent more than \$1 million to produce and place it.

Totally textless, utterly black-and-white, the thick, glossy portfolio photographed by Bruce Weber is a jumbled pastiche of naked bodies, black leather jackets, Harleys and tattoos, with cameo roles by a crying baby and a urinal. Biker chicks straddle their “hogs” and rough up their men. Rippling hunks wield electric guitars like chain saws, grab one another, sometimes themselves. Oh, yes, there are even a few incidental photographs of jeans, most of which are being wrestled off

taut bodies or used as wet linencloths.

“The book,” says Klein, “is a fantasy about a rock concert. You see the band onstage, backstage, after the show. The wild and crazy groupies. The people living in the motorcycle world. It's about excitement. Hot and sweaty rock 'n' rollers who wear nothing but jeans and



Where isn't the beef? The wet and wild look for the '90s.

skin. It's about denim. People love it.”

It's also about money. And troubled retailers and advertising executives love that. *Women's Wear Daily* reported that Klein plans to spend about \$10 million on jeans advertising this year alone. Last week he staged his first all-jeans fashion show—based on the supplement and featuring a fabric dubbed “dirty denim”—in New

York City. Magazine publishers, buffeted by an industry-wide decline of 10.4% in ad pages, are also heartened. Images from the supplement will be appearing as ads in various magazines for months to come.

The idea of attaching advertising supplements to a magazine with plastic wrap caught on in the mid-1980s, though the number has waned because of expensive postal regulations. Even Klein's booklet will be wrapped with only 250,000 or so copies of *Vanity Fair* (out of a total circulation of about 850,000), and will not be available at newsstands except in Southern California and metropolitan New York.

Is Klein's splash going to grow into a full-blown trend? “I'm sure there will be imitators,” says Ronald Galotti, publisher of *Vanity Fair*. “But we probably won't do it again.” Fashion magazines, however, have been hard hit by the recession, and are likely to be inspired. *Elle* slapped a videotape, a scented card and an order form for Estée Lauder's SpellBound perfume onto 14,000 copies of its September issue in 10 cities. “It's terrific. The excitement factor works,” says *Elle's* publisher, Lawrence Burstein, who says he's working on similar ideas for the future.

Not everyone is enthralled. Some find the material offensive, the message obscure, the numbers questionable. “Are sales going to offset the cost of Calvin's 116 pages? I suspect not,” says a magazine-publishing executive. “His supplement is more of an ego piece.” But Klein has no doubts. “People get the message,” he says enthusiastically. “It's big, it's sexy and it's so right.” —By Alex Prod'homme

BANKING

No Amiable Dunce

Clark Clifford lets Congress know he will not bow meekly in its B.C.C.I. probe

His hands tremble, his voice sometimes cracks, his face is deeply lined, and he needs a two-hour rest in the middle of each working day.

At 84, Clark M. Clifford is an old man. And his six-month battle to disprove that, as chairman of Washington's First American Bank, he knowingly acted as a front for the criminal Bank of Credit & Commerce International has taken a visible toll.

But anyone who thought the doyen of Washington power brokers was either piti-

able or defenseless was quickly disabused of that idea last week. At a hearing before the House Banking Committee, which is investigating links between B.C.C.I. and First American, Clifford gave a forceful 90-minute soliloquy in his measured baritone, serving notice that proving him guilty would be a prodigiously difficult task.

Committee members were nonetheless openly skeptical. Referring to a prepared statement by Clifford and his protégé-partner, Robert Altman, which characterized their own conduct as “entirely proper,” Wisconsin Republican Toby Roth said, “I don't believe a word of it. You've been in bed with B.C.C.I. for 10 years, and you're telling us all you got was a back rub.”

Behind the panel's skepticism are records showing that Clifford and Altman had profited hugely from their role as legal counsel to B.C.C.I. and several of its subsidiaries. As chairman and president of First American, they also received millions of dollars in B.C.C.I. loans to buy bank

stock, on which they made \$10 million in profit. The committee documents further note that Clifford and Altman may have lied to U.S. authorities about their knowledge of B.C.C.I.'s purchase of First American.

Often faced with the choice of appearing either venal or stupid, Clifford and Altman skillfully parried most questions. Clifford justified his large stock profits by explaining that he had taken only a nominal salary of \$50,000 a year, and that the stock gains were a result of his successful efforts to boost the value of the company. Asked how they could possibly have been unaware that they were involved with a criminal enterprise, the two pointed out that B.C.C.I. had also managed to fool the Bank of England, Price Waterhouse and the Bank of America. But their polished responses did not appear to sway many members. Referring to Clifford's widely quoted 1981 description of Ronald Reagan, Wisconsin's Roth said, “I do not believe you are an amiable dunce.” ■

BUSINESS NOTES

STRIKES

Catfight In Canada

Besieged by inflation, recession and unemployment as well as his pit-level approval rating (12%), Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney is trying to regain ground by attacking "fat cat" government employees. Last week 110,000 members of the Public Service Alliance of Canada (who typically earn \$450 a week) countered a Mulroney pay freeze, which wiped out their promised raise, with a countrywide strike.

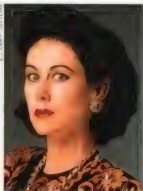
Shipping, airline flights and even auto manufacturing in some places were halted. An additional 46,000 PSAC employees deemed essential—and barred from striking—"worked to rule" in places like customs



Public servants caterwauling at the Peace Bridge in Canada

checkpoints, where backups ranged up to 12 hours. Mulroney's newest sally is a bill that Parliament debates this week. Besides a no-strike provision for PSAC employees, the hardball legislation would effective-

ly ban collective bargaining for two years for workers in a far broader range of government-related jobs. While the battle rages, the Ottawa exchequer is saving \$7 million a day in strikers' salaries.



Carolyn Roehm calls it quits

NEW YORK

End of A Dream

In the roaring '80s, Carolyn Roehm became the archetype of what Tom Wolfe called the social X ray: a super-thin, high-profile fashion designer who consorted with the ultra-rich and married multimillionaire leveraged-buyout-king Henry Kravis. With Kravis' backing, she launched her own couture in 1985 and specialized in luxe items like ball gowns that

cost as much as \$6,000 each. But Carolyn Roehm, Inc., suffered from management shuffles and poor sales. Last week Roehm, 40, suddenly announced that she was shutting down. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that Kravis had invested more than \$20 million in his wife's anemic business since 1985 and had grown weary of the financial drain. While that may be true in part, Roehm says the real catalyst for her decision was the tragic death of Kravis' 19-year-old son Harrison in a July automobile accident.

SCANDALS

We'll All Hang Together

Just as the financial community had feared, the scandal set off by Salomon Brothers' efforts to corner the market for U.S. Treasury securities spread across much of Wall Street last week. On Capitol Hill, Richard Breiden, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, said that "a distressingly large" number of firms had routinely inflated orders for bonds sold by government-sponsored agencies like the Federal National Mortgage Association. The bogus orders apparently enabled firms to purchase extra bonds and resell them at a hefty profit.

In response, Fannie Mae last week launched a program to audit bond sales and expel cheaters from the group of 56 firms that sell the securities to the public. "We realized there was no integrity in the system," an agency spokesman said.

Regulators also decreed that buyers of Treasury securities must verify their purchases to prevent Wall Street dealers from misrepresenting the bids and cornering the market. Although such steps were long overdue, they heightened financial firms' fears of draconian new regulations that could hobble the legitimate trading activities that generate much of Wall Street's profit.

SOVIET INVESTMENT

Let's Make Lots of Deals

As parts of the splintering Soviet Union lurched uncertainly toward free enterprise last week, some U.S. firms rushed to set up shop. After three years of negotiation, Kellogg said it will build a plant in newly independent Latvia to produce cornflakes and Frosted Flakes. Kellogg plans to market the brands in the Baltics and the Soviet Union. "Whatever form the Soviet Union takes, we believe the republics are headed in the right direction,"

a Kellogg spokesman said.

Other U.S. firms apparently agree. AT&T said that it will install a \$6 million long-distance switch in the republic of Armenia next month and that it was discussing the sale of similar switches to other republics.

Meanwhile, talks between U.S. food firms and Soviet buyers have "absolutely mushroomed in the past few weeks," according to John Musselman, a director of Omaha-based Summit Ltd., which represents major food-processing and food-machinery companies. He adds, "There's now a feeling that you can do business with the Soviet Union."

INVENTIONS

Plat Du Jour

The day may come when gourmards ordering the blue-plate special at their favorite restaurant will be served... a plate. An enterprising Asian manufacturer, the Taiwan Sugu Co., last week launched a line of plates and bowls that not only hold food but are food. Fashioned from wheat, they resemble standard disposable dinnerware right down to a glossy finish. What seems to be the world's first edible table setting could be the ultimate in biodegradabil-



A meal in itself: edible tableware

ity—if humans don't consume their cutlery and plates, wildlife is likely to finish the job. Introduction in American fast-food restaurants is anticipated in perhaps six months.

COVER STORY

Lost Tribes, Lost Knowledge

By EUGENE LINDEN

One horrible day 1,600 years ago, the wisdom of many centuries went up in flames. The great library in Alexandria burned down, a catastrophe at the time and a symbol for all ages of the vulnerability of human knowledge. The tragedy forced scholars to grope to reconstruct a grand literature and science that once lay neatly cataloged in scrolls.

Today, with little notice, more vast archives of knowledge and expertise are spilling into oblivion, leaving humanity in danger of losing its past and perhaps jeopardizing its future as well. Stored in the memories of elders, healers, midwives, farmers, fishermen and hunters in the estimated 15,000 cultures remaining on earth is an enormous trove of wisdom.

This largely undocumented knowledge base is humanity's lifeline to a time when people accepted nature's authority and learned through trial, error and observation. But the world's tribes are dying out or being absorbed into modern civilization. As they vanish, so does their irreplaceable knowledge.

Over the ages, indigenous peoples have developed innumerable technologies and arts. They have devised ways to farm deserts without irrigation and produce abundance from the rain forest without destroying the delicate balance that maintains the ecosystem; they have learned how to navigate vast distances in the Pacific using their knowledge of currents and the feel of intermittent waves that bounce off distant islands; they have explored the medicinal properties of plants; and they have acquired an understanding of the basic ecology of flora and fauna. If this knowledge had to be duplicated from scratch, it would beggar the scientific resources of the West. Much of this expertise and wisdom has





PESAN LIDER IN
LONG BANGA
SARAWAK, MALAYSIA

A Chronicler of Elders' Wisdom

already disappeared, and if neglected, most of the remainder could be gone within the next generation.

Until quite recently, few in the developed world cared much about this cultural holocaust. The prevailing attitude has been that Western science, with its powerful analytical tools, has little to learn from tribal knowledge. The developed world's disastrous mismanagement of the environment has somewhat humbled this arrogance, however, and some scientists are beginning to recognize that the world is losing an enormous amount of basic research as indigenous peoples lose their culture and traditions. Scientists may someday be struggling to reconstruct this body of wisdom to secure the developed world's future.

A Voluntary Crisis

Indigenous peoples have been threatened for centuries as development encroaches on their lands and traditions. What is different about the present situation, however, is that it goes beyond basic questions of native land rights into more ambiguous issues, such as the prerogative of individuals to decide between traditional and modern ways. Indigenous knowledge disappears when natives are stripped of their lands, but in many parts of the globe, knowledge also disappears because the young who are in contact with the outside world have embraced the view that traditional ways are illegitimate and irrelevant.

The most intractable aspect of the crisis is that it is largely voluntary. Entranced by images of the wealth and power of the First World, the young turn away from their elders, breaking an ancient but fragile chain of oral traditions. For the elders, it is difficult to persuade an ambitious young native that he is better off hunting boar with blowpipes than reaching for the fruits of "civilization," even if those fruits might translate into a menial job in a teeming city. For the well-fed, well-educated visiting scientist to make that argument can seem both hypocritical and condescending.

The pace of change is startling. According to Harrison Ngau, a member of the Malaysian Parliament concerned with the rights of tribes on the island of Borneo, as many as 10,000 members of the Penan tribe still led the seminomadic life of hunting and gathering at the beginning of the 1980s. But the logging industry has been destroying their woodlands, and the Malaysian government has encouraged them to move to villages. Now fewer than 500 Penans live in the forest. When they settle into towns, their expertise in the ways of the forest slips away. Villagers know that their elders used to watch for the appearance of a certain butterfly, which always seemed to herald the arrival of a herd of boar and the promise of good hunting. These days, most of the Penans cannot remember which butterfly to look for.

The number of different tribes around the world makes it impossible to record or otherwise preserve more than a tiny percentage of the knowledge being lost. Since 1900, 90 of Brazil's 270 Indian tribes have completely disappeared, while scores more have lost their lands or abandoned their ways. More than two-thirds of the remaining tribes have populations of fewer than 1,000. Some might disappear before anyone notices.

A recent study by M.I.T. linguist Ken Hale estimates that 3,000 of the world's 6,000 languages are doomed because no children speak them. Researchers estimate that Africa alone has 1,800 languages, Indonesia 672 and New Guinea 800. If a language disappears, traditional knowledge tends to vanish with it, since individual language groups have specialized vocabularies reflecting native people's unique solutions to the challenges of food gathering, healing and dealing with the elements in their particular ecological niche. Hale estimates that only 300 languages have a secure future.

The Price of Forgetting

The most immediate tragedy in the loss of knowledge and traditions is for the tribes themselves. They do not always die out, but the soul of their culture withers away. Often left behind

Papua New Guinea is a raucous teenager of a country, boiling with the vitality and conflict that come with its kaleidoscope of cultures. The stresses between traditional ways and the demands of modern commerce bedevil the island north of Australia with near anarchy in the cities, persistent tribal wars in the highlands and intermittent insurrection in the province of Bougainville. While many of New Guinea's people have become alienated from traditional ways during these growing pains, Saem Majnep, a simple man from the highlands, has responded by making it his cause to preserve tribal learning and restore respect for the accumulated wisdom of 800 peoples.

A diminutive man from the Kalam people of the Kaironk valley, Majnep is a living bridge between the subsistence life of a remote part of New Guinea's highlands and the world of science. In recent years, he has served as a collaborator on several scientific monographs published by Oxford University Press. Hired as an adolescent in 1959 to translate for New Zealand ornithologist Ralph Bulmer, Majnep soon found



Saem Majnep teaches his compatriots that their knowledge of plants and animals is of lasting value

himself being interviewed for his familiarity with the feeding and breeding habits of birds that Bulmer was studying in the region.

Bulmer's respect for the knowledge of the Kalam people had a profound effect on Majnep. After assisting Bulmer, Majnep went on to work as a technician at the University of Papua New Guinea. Bulmer is now dead, and Majnep has returned to his village, where he continues to record his people's observations of animals and plants. "If you stay in your village, it is easy to pick up this learning because it is still all around you," he says. "But when people go to Madang [the nearest city], they lose it very quickly." Throughout the country, though, Majnep notes that the younger generation feels shame rather than pride in what their ancestors knew.

Alarmed at how easily this wisdom slips from its fragile perch in oral traditions, he also spends a good deal of time speaking to other tribes in New Guinea, either in person or on the radio, exhorting them to take pride in their culture. "I am an uneducated man," he tells them, "but white people value what I know."

With bountiful soils that make subsistence living an attractive alternative to workaday jobs, New Guinea's tribal life is still vibrant. Majnep says his biggest concern is the misuse of the land, as people abandon traditional crop rotation and forget about taboos that used to protect the forest. Still, people like Majnep raise hopes that the island nation may find an accord between tradition and modernity.



HIGHLAND TRIBESPEOPLE, PAPUA NEW GUINEA

are people "who are shadows of what they once were, and shadows of what we in the developed world are," as one Peace Corps volunteer put it. The price is real as well as psychological when native peoples lose their grip on traditional knowledge. At the Catholic mission in Yaliese in equatorial Zaire, for instance, nurses and missionaries have encountered patients brought in with burns or perforations of the lower intestine. Investigation revealed that those afflicted had been treated for a variety of ailments with traditional medicines delivered in suppository form. The problem was not the medicines but the dosages. As the old healers died off, people would try to administer traditional medicines themselves or turn to healers who had only a partial understanding of what their elders knew. This problem is likely to get worse because Western medicines and trained nurses are becoming ever more scarce in Zaire's economically beleaguered society.

In the island nation of Papua New Guinea, in the Coral Sea, jobless people returning to highland villages from the cities often lack the most rudimentary knowledge necessary to survive, such as which rot-resistant trees to use to build huts or which poisonous woods to avoid when making fires for cooking. Many of the youths, alienated from their villages by schooling and exposure to the West, become marauding "rascals," who have made Papua New Guinea's cities among the most dangerous in the world.

The global hemorrhage of indigenous knowledge even fuels the population explosion as people ignore taboos and forget traditional methods of birth control. In many parts of Africa, tribal women who used to bear, on average, five or six children now often have more than 10.

The Young Drift Away

It is difficult for an outsider to imagine the degree to which novel ideas and images assault the minds of tribal adolescents moving into the outside world. They get glimpses of a society their parents never encountered and cannot explain. Students who leave villages for schooling in Papua New Guinea learn that people, not the spirits of their ancestors, created the machines, dams and other so-called cargo of the modern world. Once absorbed, this realization undermines the credibility and authority of elders.

Father Frank Mihalic, a Jesuit missionary in New Guinea since 1948, views with sadness the degree to which education has alienated the young from their "one talks," as kinsmen are called. "They don't like history because history is embarrassing," he says. "They wince when I talk about the way their dad or their mom lived." Mihalic and other members of his order have intervened to prevent the government from burning spirit houses, used during tribal initiation rites. But other missionaries often tell the young people that their customs are primitive and barbaric. Relatives who have left villages for the city and return to show off their wealth and status also influence the young. Girls encounter educated women who work as clerks and are exempt from the backbreaking hauling done by their mothers' generation. How can these youngsters resist the allure of modern life? How can they make an informed judgment about which of the old ways should be respected and maintained?

John Maru, who works in Papua New Guinea's Ministry for Home Affairs and Youth recalls how during his schooling he came to see the endless gift exchanges and other traditions that marked his youth in the Sepik region as a waste of time and money and a drag on individual initiative. Now, however, he sees that such customs serve to seal bonds among families and act as a barrier to poverty and loneliness.

Sadly, tribal peoples often realize they are losing something of value too late to save it. In the village of Tai, in the Ivory Coast, three brothers from a prosperous family have tried to balance respect for the practices of their Guéré tribe with careers in the modern economy. Yet their mother, an esteemed healer, has not been able to pass on her learning. One brother

ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

Resurrecting a Wondrous Craft

George Dyson has set himself a task even more difficult than preserving the wisdom of a vanishing culture: reviving an art that is already lost. The son of a Princeton physicist, Dyson, 38, was fascinated by 18th century accounts of Aleutian kayakers, who were said to have sustained speeds of 10 knots on the open ocean in their 15-ft. to 30-ft. craft, defying the apparent limits imposed by the length of the boat and human endurance. For two decades, Dyson, a self-taught boatbuilder, has worked to rediscover the technological secrets of these fabled vessels, or baidarkas, as Russian colonists called them.

For more than 5,000 years, Aleut Indians plied the islands off Alaska in craft made of animal skins and bone. Over time these craft diverged in design from other kayaks. They evolved curiously split bows, sterns that were wide at the top but V-shaped at the bottom, and bone joints that made the vessels 100 times as flexible as modern boats. The Aleuts became shaped to the demands of kayaking vast distances, developing huge upper bodies from relentless paddling and bowed legs that allowed them to sit confined for hours. By the time the



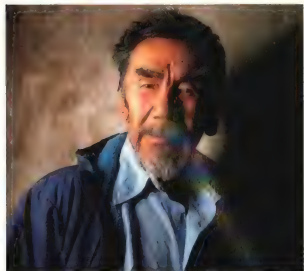
George Dyson plumbs the secrets of baidarka design in his Bellingham, Wash., workshop

Russians arrived in pursuit of sea-otter pelts in 1741, the Aleuts had established a marriage of man and technology near perfect for hunting sea mammals.

The baidarka changed markedly under the influence of the Russians and then began to disappear with the end of the sea-otter hunts in the last century. After World War II, the Aleuts switched to motor-powered craft. In his efforts to reconstruct the original kayaks, Dyson, based in Bellingham, Wash., relies on early accounts of explorers and sea captains.

The most intriguing elements of baidarka design are those that show the Aleuts' rejection of typical kayak forms in favor of a distinctive approach. Dyson speculates that the forked bow prevents the boat from submarining in waves. It also gives the kayak the speed advantage of a longer, slender craft, and may set up a wave that counteracts the drag-inducing bow wave of ordinary designs. The oddly configured stern may help the kayak make the transition from a vessel that pushes through the water to one that planes on top of the water.

Dyson believes that the baidarka will have a robust future, influencing the shape of modern sport kayaks. Physicist Francis Clauser designed a forked-bow craft for a syndicate in the 1986-87 America's Cup race. Dyson still speaks of the genius of the Aleut kayak builders with reverence: "Modern science has recognized all the elements that went into the baidarka, but nobody put them together to achieve a synthesis the way the Aleuts did."



ALEUTS, UNALASKA, ALASKA

said he wanted to know about the plants she used but was afraid to ask because she would think he had foreseen her death—the traditional time to pass on knowledge. Another brother would go into the forest with her but hesitated to ask what she was doing because he feared the power of her medicines; while the third, pursuing a successful engineering career, assumed that others would acquire her learning. Now with each passing year, it is more likely her knowledge will die with her.

Western Contempt

If the developed world is to help indigenous peoples preserve their heritage, it must first recognize that this wisdom has value. Western science is founded on the belief that knowledge inexorably progresses; the new and improved inevitably drive out the old and fallible. Western science also presumes to be objective and thus more rigorous than other systems of thought.

Guided by these conceits, scientists have often failed to notice traditional technologies even, for instance, when they are on display in the U.S. Several Andean artifacts made the rounds of American museums in the 1980s as examples of hammered gold. Then Heather Lechtman, an M.I.T. archaeologist interested in ancient technologies, examined the metal and discovered that it represented a far more sophisticated art. Lechtman's analysis revealed that the artifacts had been gilded with an incredibly thin layer of gold using a chemical technique that achieved the quality of modern electroplating. No one had previously suspected that these Indians had the know-how to create so subtle a technology.

Nor is it only the West that has scorned traditional learning. When communist China imposed tight control over Tibet in 1959, the aggressors tried to eradicate the captive country's culture. In particular, the communists denounced Tibetan medicine as feudal superstition, and the number of doctors practicing the 2,000-year-old, herb-based discipline shrank from thousands to 500. But since the Chinese began to relent on this issue in recent years, Tibetans have returned to their traditional medicines, which they often find more effective and less harsh than Western drugs.

Even in the Third World, governments have tended to look at their indigenous cultures as an impediment to development and nationhood. In Papua New Guinea, for instance, European administrators, influenced by colonial practices in Africa, sought to discourage tribalism by consolidating power and commerce in cities far away from the villages that are the centers of tribal life. According to John Waiko, director of Papua New Guinea's National Research Institute, this decision has fueled instability by making government seem remote and arbitrary. Among dozens of nations and regions with substantial native populations, only Greenland and Botswana stand out for their efforts to accommodate the culture and interests of these people.

Growing Appreciation

Attitudes are beginning to change, however. Scientists are learning to look past the myth, superstition and ritual that often conceal the hard-won insights of indigenous peoples. Sometimes the lessons have come in handy: during the Gulf War, European doctors treated some wounds with a sugar paste that traces back to Egyptian battlefield medicine of 4,000 years ago.

Michael Balick, director of the New York Botanical Garden's Institute of Economic Botany, notes that only 1,100 of the earth's 265,000 species of plants have been thoroughly studied by Western scientists, but as many as 40,000 may have medicinal or undiscovered nutritional value for humans. Many are already used by tribal healers, who can help scientists greatly focus their search for plants with useful properties.

Balick walks tropical forests with shamans in Latin America as part of a study, sponsored by the National Cancer Institute, designed to uncover plants useful in the treatment of AIDS and cancer. The 5,000 plants collected so far, says the NCI's Gordon

CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC

Proving the Worth of A Healing Art

Bernard N'donazi has the gentle manner of a country doctor, but his mildness conceals fierce commitment to a mission that began to take shape 28 years ago, following the destruction of one of his tribe's central institutions. As a boy, N'donazi endured an initiation rite of the Souma tribe in the Central African Republic, during which an incision was made in his side and his intestine was briefly exposed. This ceremony marked the transition to adulthood and followed months of instruction in the use of plants and herbs in healing. Bernard, now in his late 30s, was among the last of his cult to be initiated. Acting in deference to a Catholic abbot who regarded the traditions as pagan, N'donazi's father, a convert, ordered the destruction of the male house, where boys acquired the learning of their elders. With that, a cultural and medical tradition that extended back to antiquity went up in flames.

This might have been the end of the line had not the younger N'donazi gone on to pursue a career in Western medicine. During his training in Africa, Europe and the U.S. as a health technician, he discovered that many Western medicines are derived from plants. Angered that a European



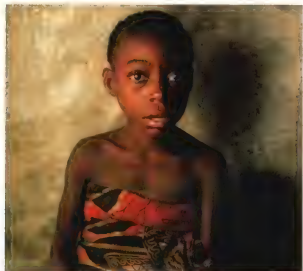
Bernard N'donazi studies the medicinal properties of plants in his lab in the remote town of Bouar

missionary might dismiss traditions that he had never witnessed, N'donazi began to direct his energies toward revalidating the healing wisdom of Central African tribes.

N'donazi's base is a clinic and research facility he founded in the remote town of Bouar. There he collects plants used by healers for laboratory analysis in order to distinguish those with biomedical value from those that have only a placebo effect. His staff dispenses both Western drugs and low-cost and proven traditional preparations.

Though modest about his work, the healer takes pleasure in recounting one triumphant moment of vindication. Last year he was approached by nuns from a Catholic mission hospital who asked him to help an extremely sick man whose chest was being eaten away by a subcutaneous amoebic infection that had not responded to drugs. Using a method learned from his father, N'donazi applied washed and crushed soldier termites to the open wounds. The patient, Thomas Service, made a remarkable recovery. In gratitude, he now appears at the clinic every Sunday bearing a gift for N'donazi. When a visitor asks how Service feels, the diminutive man shyly shows his healed chest and says the fact that he has walked 11 miles from his village speaks for itself.

Alas, some of the secrets of the male house remain lost. During his initiation, N'donazi recalls, he was given a plant to chew that numbed the pain of the incision. He wistfully notes that he has not since been able to find that natural anesthetic.



PYGMIES, BAYANGA, CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC

BORNEO

The Penans Stand By Their Land

After millennia of hunting and gathering in the forests of north Borneo, the few hundred Penans who still cling to nomadic ways find themselves besieged by the full force of the 20th century. Loggers have invaded their turf, which is part of Malaysia, scarring the land, felling fruit trees, killing game and polluting rivers. Missionaries vie for the Penans' souls, while development-minded officials disparage their existence as primitive.

These nomads, however, possess an abiding belief that their way of life is precious. During the past few years, they have mounted a stirring, nonviolent campaign to defend the forests, which are their libraries, shops and larders. "We cannot be separated from the land where our ancestors have lived," says Asik Nyelik, the headman of Sungai Ubong who has twice been arrested for joining barricades to halt the loggers. Though the lure of modern living has reduced the nomadic Penans from 13,000 two decades ago to perhaps 500 today, those who remain see few advantages in choosing the "barren" road over the spongy, shady forest floor. Says Nyelik: "I don't see that settled Penans are doing any better than we are."



The 500
Penans who
remain in their
ancestral
forests have
steadfastly
battled the
encroachment
of loggers

Nyelik's longhouse, as the nomads' communal bases are called, is unusual in that it has not only resisted settlement but has retained its animist beliefs. Other longhouses have converted to Christianity, a change that they find brings some practical benefits, but at a price. Gone are medicines that involved spells, as well as taboos on women's eating leopard, monkey, sun bear and python. One old hunter says Christianity has simplified life. "Before, if I went from one place to another, I had to worry about taboos," he says. "What dream did I have last night, what route should I take? Now I just go there." On the other hand, he says, since converting, he no longer has the dreams that in the past would presage a successful hunt. He also laments that fewer and fewer of the young learn the art of creating the clever, flowery songs that used to commemorate visits and noteworthy events.

Along with Christianity have come axes, cooking pots, clothing and bedding, but nomadic Penans insist that modern goods do not threaten their way of life. Most Penan hunters still prefer blowpipes to guns, and a group of headmen insists that if Western goods disappeared, their longhouses could get along just fine so long as the forest remained. This is why after years of arrests, imprisonment and fruitless legal efforts to halt the logging, the Penans continue to blockade the timber roads. "If we die," says Nyelik, "we die in the forest. There is no other place for us to go."

Cragg, have yielded some promising chemicals. If any of them turn out to be useful as medicines, the country from which the plant came would get a cut of the profits.

In the past decade, researchers in developed countries have realized that they have much to learn from traditional agriculture. Formerly, such farming was often viewed as inefficient and downright destructive. "Slash and burn" agriculture, in particular, was viewed with contempt. Following this method, tribes burn down a section of forest, farm the land until it is exhausted and then move on to clear another patch of trees. This strategy has been blamed for the rapid loss of tropical rain forests.

Now, however, researchers have learned that if practiced carefully, the method is environmentally benign. The forests near Chiapas, Mexico, for instance, are not threatened by native Lacandon practices but by the more commercial agricultural practices of encroaching peasants, according to James Nations of Conservation International in Washington. Many indigenous farmers in Asia and South America manage to stay on one patch of land for as long as 50 years. As nutrients slowly disappear from the soil, the farmers keep switching to harder crops and thus do not have to clear an adjacent stretch of forest.

Westerners have also come to value traditional farmers for the rich variety of crops they produce. By cultivating numerous strains of corn, legumes, grains and other foods, they are ensuring that botanists have a vast genetic reservoir from which to breed future varieties. The genetic health of the world's potatoes, for example, depends on Quechua Indians, who cultivate more than 50 diverse strains in the high plateau country around the Andes mountains in South America. If these natives switched to modern crops, the global potato industry would lose a crucial line of defense against the threat of insects and disease.

Anthropologists studying agricultural and other traditions have been surprised to find that people sometimes retain valuable knowledge long after they have dropped the outward trappings of tribal culture. In one community in Peru studied by Christine Padoch of the Institute of Economic Botany, peasants employed all manner of traditional growing techniques, though they were generations removed from tribal life. Padoch observed almost as many combinations of crops and techniques as there were households. Similarly, a study of citified Aboriginal children in Australia revealed that they had far more knowledge about the species and habits of birds than did white children in the same neighborhood. Somehow their parents had passed along this knowledge, despite their removal from their native lands. Still, the amount of information in jeopardy dwarfs that being handed down.

Lending a Hand

There is no way that concerned scientists can move fast enough to preserve the world's traditional knowledge. While some can be gathered in interviews and stored on tape, much information is seamlessly interwoven with a way of life. Boston anthropologist Jason Clay therefore insists that knowledge is best kept alive in the culture that produced it. Clay's solution is to promote economic incentives that also protect the ecosystems where natives live. Toward that end, Cultural Survival, an advocacy group in Cambridge, Mass., that Clay helped establish, encourages traditional uses of the Amazon rain forest by sponsoring a project to market products found there.

Clay believes that in 20 years, demand for the Amazon's nuts, oils, medicinal plants and flowers could add up to a \$15 billion-a-year retail market—enough so that governments might decide it is worthwhile to leave the forests standing. The Amazon's Indians could earn perhaps \$1 billion a year from the sales. That could pay legal fees to protect their lands and provide them with cash for buying goods from the outside world.

American companies are also beginning to see economic value in indigenous knowledge. In 1989 a group of scientists formed Shaman Pharmaceuticals, a California company that aims to commercialize the pharmaceutical uses of plants. Among its



NOMADIC PENANS, SARAWAK, MALAYSIAN BORNEO



LACANDON INDIANS, CHIAPAS, MEXICO

projects is the development of an antiviral agent for respiratory diseases and herpes infections that is used by traditional healers in Latin America.

An indigenous culture can in itself be a marketable commodity if handled with respect and sensitivity. In Papua New Guinea, Australian Peter Barter, who first came to the island in 1965, operates a tour service that takes travelers up the Sepik River to traditional villages. The company pays direct fees to villages for each visit and makes contributions to a foundation that help cover school fees and immunization costs in the region. Barter admits, however, that the 7,000 visitors a year his company brings through the region disrupt local culture to a degree. Among other things, native carvers adapt their pieces to the tastes of customers, adjusting their size to the requirements of luggage. But the entrepreneur argues that the visits are less disruptive than the activities of missionaries and development officials.

There are other perils to the commercial approach. Money is an alien and destabilizing force in many native villages. A venture like Barter's could ultimately destroy the integrity of the cultures it exhibits it, for example, rituals become performances tailored to the tourist business. Some villages in New Guinea have begun to permit tourists to visit spirit houses that were previously accessible only to initiated males. In Africa villages on bus routes will launch into ceremonial dances at the sound of an approaching motor. Forest-product concerns like those encouraged by Cultural Survival run the risk of promoting overexploitation of forests, and if the market for these products takes off, the same settlers who now push aside natives to mine gold might try to take over new enterprises as well.

Still, economic incentives already maintain traditional knowledge in some parts of the world. John and Terese Hart, who have spent 18 years in contact with Pygmies in northeastern Zaire, note that other tribes and villagers rely on Pygmies to hunt meat and collect foods and medicines from the forests, and that this economic incentive keeps their knowledge alive. According to John Hart, the Pygmies have an uncanny ability to find fruits and plants they may not have used for years. Says Hart: "If someone wants to buy something that comes from the forest, the Pygmies will know where to find it."

Restoring Respect

Preserving tribal wisdom is as much an issue of restoring respect for traditional ways as it is of creating financial incentives. The late Egyptian architect Hassan Fathy put his prestige behind an attempt to convince his countrymen that their traditional mud-brick homes are cooler in the summer, warmer in the winter and cheaper than the prefabricated, concrete dwellings they see as modern status symbols.

Balick has made it part of his mission to enhance the status of traditional healers within their own communities. He and his colleagues hold ceremonies to honor shamans, most of whom are religious men who value respect over material reward. In one community in Belize, the local mayor was so impressed that American scientists had come to learn at the feet of an elderly healer that he asked them to give a lecture so that townspeople could learn about their own medical tradition. Balick recalls that this healer had more than 200 living descendants, but that none as yet had shown an interest in becoming an apprentice. The lecture, though, was packed. "Maybe," says Balick, "seeing the respect that scientists showed to this healer might inspire a successor to come forward."

Such deference represents a dramatic change from past scientific expeditions, which tended to treat village elders as living museum specimens. Balick and others like him recognize that communities must decide for themselves what to do with their traditions. Showing respect for the wisdom keepers can help the young of various tribes better weigh the value of their culture against blandishments of modernity. If young apprentices begin to step forward, the world might see a slowing of the slide toward oblivion.

"Lights. Camera. Fraction!"

Bonnie Spence Dix



It was scripts and video cameras instead of pencils and paper when Bonnie Dix's math class studied fractions this year. The seventh graders at Monte Cassino Middle School in Tulsa, Oklahoma wrote and starred in their own Fraction Television Video.

The kids went way beyond the math book, writing and videotaping a series of skits that made fractions fun and easy to understand. In one segment, a soap opera chronicles Miss Numerator's anguish after being abandoned by her denominator ("Now I'm just... a number," she wails). News bulletins break in with a story of escaped fractions ("Three Fourths have been captured... One Fourth is still at large") and a report on renegade General Two And One Third ("He insists he's bigger than Three"). Fraction Television even has its own music videos and commercials, all designed to help fractions come alive in the children's imaginations.

"My goal is to make math fun and exciting to the students so they'll no longer groan at the thought of math class," says Bonnie. "For me, being enthusiastic about math and inventing creative ways to teach it are as important as the material itself."

For her innovative approach to teaching, we at State Farm are delighted to honor Bonnie Spence Dix with our Good Neighbor Award, and to contribute \$5,000 in her name to the Monte Cassino Middle School.

Bonnie Spence Dix. A good neighbor who helps make learning a star attraction.



STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES
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Good Neighbor Award

The Good Neighbor Award was developed in cooperation with the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics (NCTM).

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It Happens in the Best Circles

A pair of British artists claim they are the hoaxers behind those mystifying and intriguing crop patterns

By LEON JAROFF

"This is without doubt the most wonderful moment of my research," marveled retired engineer Pat Delgado last week, as he stood in a wheat field near Sevenoaks, in the British county of Kent. "No human could have done this."

Delgado was gazing at a large area where the crops had been mysteriously flattened in a remarkable pattern. A large, nearly perfect circle of plants had been bent down in a clockwise direction. Extending from the circle were other shapes: antennae, a ladder-like strip and a semicircle.

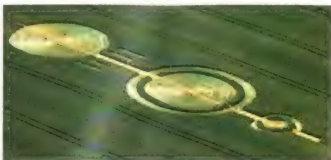
The Sevenoaks phenomenon is the latest of hundreds of circular patterns that have appeared in the grainfields of southern England and, in lesser numbers, in the fields of 20 other countries during the past 13 years. And it seemed perfect fodder for Delgado, who now makes a career of investigating and writing about the circles. He has suggested that the circular patterns are created by a "superior intelligence"—most likely extraterrestrial—and has co-authored a book called *Circular Evidence* with another believer, Colin Andrews. It has sold more than 50,000 copies.

Delgado's exultation was soon cut short. Graham Brough, a reporter from the London tabloid *Today* who had alerted Delgado to the latest apparition, introduced him to two landscape painters, David Chorley, 62, and Douglas Bower, 67. They had created the Sevenoaks circle while Brough looked on. Moreover, the duo revealed that for the past 13 years they have been sneaking around southern England at night, fashioning as many as 25 to 30 new circles each growing season. Their efforts apparently inspired copycats, who in the past decade have used a variety of techniques to shape hundreds of crop circles both in Britain and abroad. Said Bower to Delgado: "I'm afraid we've been having you on."

Delgado was crestfallen. "We have all been conned," he admitted. "If everything you say is true, I'll look the fool." Indeed.

The admission brought an end to one of the most popular mysteries Britain—and the world—has witnessed in years. Flying saucers, out of vogue for some

time, were given new life by the whorls. Saucer enthusiasts argued that the crop-land patterns marked the landing spots of UFOs bearing visitors from space. Believers in the paranormal claimed the circles radiated mysterious energy forces. The patterns spawned a kind of intellectual cottage industry: no fewer than 35 Britons



The 300-ft. pattern in Wiltshire County was crafted by Chorley and Bower wielding string, a wire sight and a plank



claim to be experts on the phenomenon.

A new scientific discipline, cercology, emerged. It is practiced by members of the Circles Effect Research Unit, a privately funded group headed by Wiltshire-based physicist Terence Meaden. The group argued that a still unverified weather phenomenon is often responsible for the weird damage. It occurs, Meaden says, when whirling columns of air pick up electrically charged matter, flatten the crops below and produce the bright lights observers say they have seen above the circles.

Not to be outdone, a team of Japanese

scientists, led by physicist Yoshi-Hiko Ohtsuki, had joined the hunt for an explanation. Ohtsuki believes a form of ball lightning generated by microwaves in the atmosphere flattened the crops; he created crop-like circular patterns both in the laboratory and on a computer programmed to simulate ball lightning. Impressed by Ohtsuki's work, the authoritative British journal *Nature* published his report, leading the usually judicious *Economist* to suggest that the mystery might have been solved.

The hoaxers' technique required no meteorological effects and only rudimentary physics. After making a

scale drawing of the intended pattern, Chorley and Bower proceeded to the wheatfield with their equipment: a 4-ft.-long wooden plank, a ball of string and a baseball cap with wire threaded through the visor as a sighting device. At the center of the intended site, Bower held one end of the string. The other end was attached to the plank, held horizontally at knee level by

Chorley as he circled around Bower, pushing the grain gently forward. "The heavy heads of the wheat tend to keep it down," he explained.

Chorley and Bower say they conceived their hoax in 1978, while sitting in a pub near Cheesfoot Head "wondering what we could do for a bit of a laugh." Inspired by reports of flying-saucer sightings, and recalling crop circles created with tractors by Australian farmers several years earlier, they decided to flatten some corn to make it appear that a UFO had landed. To their chagrin, this and other forays during the next three years went unnoticed. But one of their circles was spotted in 1981, reported in the press and promptly attributed to extraterrestrials. "We laughed so much that time," recalls Chorley, "we had to stop the car because Doug was in stitches so much he couldn't drive." It was only after circle enthusiasts began seeking government funding that the two jovial con men decided to admit to the hoax.

Recovering from their initial shock, Delgado and other circle specialists are hastily regrouping. "These two gents may have hoaxed some of the circles," Delgado now says, "but the phenomenon is still there, and we will carry on research." In his quest, Delgado will have the moral support of untold millions. UFOlogist Joan Creighton of *Flying Saucer Review* explains why: "We all have an inner sense that there is a mystery behind the universe. We have mysteries. It's great fun."

—Reported by

Anne Constable/London

Is There a Method to Manipulation?

Once scorned as quackery, chiropractic is winning adherents and respect

By ANDREW PURVIS

When internist Paul Shekelle was in medical school in the 1970s, the gentle art of chiropractic was widely viewed as bunk: heir to the tradition of bloodletting and rattlesnake oil. The American Medical Association's committee on quackery had branded the practice an "unscientific cult," and medical-school professors had obediently followed suit. The reluctance of the so-called back-crackers to submit their technique to the scrutiny of hard science served only to reinforce the official scorn. Recalls Shekelle: "They were seen as hucksters and charlatans trying to dupe the public into paying for useless care."

The public, meanwhile, seemed happy to be duped. Millions of Americans remained devoted to the healers' manipulative ways. And in recent years that enthusiasm has blossomed. About 1 in 20 Americans now sees a chiropractor during the course of a year. The number of U.S. practitioners jumped from 32,000 in the 1970s to 45,000 in 1990.

Chiropractic has even achieved a certain celebrity cachet. Quarterback Joe Montana got his brawny back manipulated on national TV (during the Superbowl pregame show). Cybill Shepherd grew so attached to her practitioner that she married him. Overseas, where chiropractic is both more popular and more widely accepted by doctors, Princess Di regularly gets her regal back cracked. And Russian ballet stars Vadim Pisarev and Marina Bogdanova reportedly would not risk an arabesque without a periodic adjustment.

Now, almost despite itself, mainstream medicine has started to take notice. Several authoritative studies have confirmed that chiropractic-style spinal manipulation is effective for the treatment of lower-back pain. Leading physicians now openly discuss the technique, and some are even referring their own patients to these once scorned colleagues. Concedes Dr. Shekelle, who directed one of the recent studies: "Their philosophy of disease is totally foreign to us. But for some conditions it sure seems to work."

The growing acceptance was apparent at this year's meeting of the American Academy of Orthopedic



A Palmerton, Pa., chiropractor gives a hands-on prescription

a prestigious research organization in Santa Monica, Calif., a panel of leading physicians, osteopaths and chiropractors found that chiropractic-style manipulation was helpful for a major category of patients with lower-back pain: people who are generally healthy but who had developed back trouble within the preceding two or three weeks. Another important study published last summer in the *British Medical Journal* compared chiropractic treatment with outpatient hospital care that included traction and various kinds of physical therapy. Its conclusion: spinal manipulation was more effective for relieving low-back aches for up to three years after diagnosis.

Such positive findings come despite the fact that no one is entirely sure how chiropractic manipulation works. Practitioners assert that they are correcting spinal "subluxations," which they describe as misalignments of vertebrae that result in damaging and often painful

pressures on nerves in the spinal cord. Because nerves in the cord connect to every organ and body part, such misalignments, they say, can cause problems in the feet, hands and internal organs as well as the back.

Most doctors are skeptical of this theory. "Chiropractors may sound very authoritative," says Chicago rheumatologist Robert Katz, "but their basic understanding of the pathophysiology of the spine is simply not there." Chiropractors respond that they spend at least four years studying the subtleties of the spine, including exhaustive courses in anatomy, pathology, biochemistry and microbiology, and are in fact far more knowledgeable than many medical doctors about this anatomical region.

Whatever the benefits of manipulation and massage, many chiropractors admit that at least some of their success stems from their attentive manner and holistic approach to disease. Practitioners tend to discuss a patient's entire life-style, empha-

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**About 1
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Most of them
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for back
trouble.**

sizing stress reduction, a healthful diet, exercise and maybe even a change in work habits. Patients love it, especially after experiencing the sometimes narrow approach of medical specialists, who may thoroughly examine a body part without a hint of interest in the human being.

New York social worker Shoshana Shonfeld, 40, for instance, was crushed when an orthopedic surgeon told her she would either have to live with chronic back pain or undergo radical disk surgery, with no guarantee of success. Then she found a chiropractor who, she recalls, "did all kinds of wonderful things." In addition to spinal manipulation, the practitioner served up a potpourri of health-care advice on everything from diet to correct posture and toning up muscles in the stomach and lower back. Now, she says, "my back is almost perfect. My body feels aligned; it feels straight."

One study in Washington State found that patients were significantly more satisfied with their chiropractor's manner than with their medical doctor's. Patients may even be too satisfied. One frequent complaint about chiropractors is that treatment goes on for too long. Patients become dependent on regular manipulation, and their therapists are all too happy to accommodate them. Alan Adams of the Los Angeles College of Chiropractors estimates that perhaps 10% to 15% of his colleagues are guilty of this.

While the vast majority of chiropractic patients are treated for back, neck and shoulder complaints as well as minor headaches, some 10% seek help for organic diseases of all sorts. Can manipulation help them? The chiropractic literature is replete with examples of astonishing cures of ulcers, hypertension, childhood asthma, blindness and even paraplegia. But individual case histories prove nothing, and organized studies are few and far between. Spinal manipulation has been shown to alter the heartbeat and the acidity of the stomach, says Peter Curtis, a medical professor at the University of North Carolina, who studied the technique, "but whether you can cure a peptic ulcer or angina is another question entirely." The A.M.A. withdrew its earlier condemnation of chiropractic as a cult in 1988—after federal courts ruled it an unfair restraint of trade—but it remains adamantly opposed to broad application of chiropractic therapy.

Of course, chiropractic could restrict itself to relieving back pain and still have its hands full. By some estimates, 75% of all Americans will suffer from low-back aches at some point in their lifetime. The annual cost to U.S. society of treating the ubiquitous ailment was recently tallied at a crippling \$24 billion, compared with \$6 billion for AIDS and \$4 billion for lung cancer. If spinal manipulation could ease even a fraction of that financial burden, remaining skeptics might be forced to stifle their misgivings or get cracking themselves. ■

Press

Al's Further Adventures

Gannett's former chairman turns his ambition to global philanthropy, largely at Gannett expense

Combative, outspoken Al Neuhaarth was, on the whole, good to the Gannett Co. He built the firm into the biggest U.S. newspaper chain, gave it a vivacious national flagship, *USA Today*, and swept up many other media properties. Then again, Gannett was good to Neuhaarth. It paid him handsomely, and when he retired in 1989, at 65, gave him stock worth \$5.1 million and \$300,000 a year, guaranteed for life. Any gratitude was short-lived. In the two years since, the man who wrote *Confessions of an S.O.B.* has turned to global press philanthropy—in

rupt. In a highly publicized rescue, the Freedom Forum committed \$7.5 million in loans and guarantees to the *Tribune* while Gannett swallowed \$29 million of the newspaper's debt. Freedom Forum acquired rights to one-fifth of the *Tribune*.

Gannett officials refuse all comment on Neuhaarth, but the voices of employees and company trustees—current and former—frost over when his name is mentioned. "There's had feeling and bad blood," says the editor of one major Gannett paper. Adds an executive with the *Washington Journalism Review*: "They



Forum chairman Neuhaarth

FREEDOM FORUM

Income:	Predicted \$32 million annually from assets of \$670 million
Employees:	50
1991 grants:	Freedom Forum Media Studies Center in New York: \$4 million; Washington Journalism Center: \$100,000

GANNETT CO.

Holdings:	87 daily newspapers (total circ.: 6.3 million); including <i>USA Today</i> (circ. 1.8 million); 70 week-dailies; <i>USA Weekend</i> magazine (16.6 million); 10 TV and 13 radio stations; Louis Harris poll; related communications ventures
Employees:	36,650
1990 net income:	\$277 million on revenues of \$3.8 billion

no small measure at Gannett expense.

The vehicle for Neuhaarth's reinvigorated ambitions is the Freedom Forum of Arlington, Va., formerly the Gannett Foundation, whose assets consisted entirely of stock donated by the communication firm's founder. Upon retirement, Neuhaarth retained the foundation's chairmanship. Last year he infuriated his former employers by deciding to sell all that stock—10% of Gannett's shares—to the highest bidder. Reason: dividends on the Gannett stock were less than the amount the institution is required to give away.

Neuhaarth's announcement amounted to putting the company in play for corporate raiders. Last April, Gannett fended off the threat by buying the foundation's holdings for \$670 million, \$130 million more than the company had previously offered. As part of the sale, Neuhaarth agreed to rename the foundation.

Neuhaarth struck again last month when the Oakland *Tribune* (circ. 137,000), America's only black-owned metropolitan daily, announced it was about to go bank-

rupt. "I hate him and don't want to say so."

Meantime, Neuhaarth has created a truly baronial fiefdom at a swank building across the street from the headquarters of Gannett and *USA Today*. Renovations for the building (carved stone staircases, suede-covered file cabinets) cost \$15 million. A \$5 million high-tech conference center on the roof is under construction.

With \$32 million a year in revenues to spend, Neuhaarth is further shocking some Gannett old-timers by shifting the foundation's focus from charities in cities where Gannett newspapers are published. An important new interest is postcommunist Europe. The Forum has granted \$110,000 to provide the Associated Press wire to 10 independent newspapers in Eastern Europe. An additional \$150,000 will fund polls of East European and Soviet attitudes on democracy. Just back last week from a whirlwind visit to the Soviet Union, Neuhaarth says, "I think we're in a position to make an important impact on the world."

—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Ann Blackman/Washington

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People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI/Reported by Wendy Cole



The Power of the Penn

Sean Penn used to be Hollywood's surliest young actor, but that's no longer true, since Penn is neither an actor nor all that surly anymore. He's given up acting, and fighting photographers, to focus on directing, and the switch from smashing cameras to sitting behind one suits him just fine. "Directing is seeing an original

vision all the way through," says Penn, whose impressive debut film, *The Indian Runner*, opens this week. "I don't want to act again unless it's for money I can put into directing." The new Penn can even joke about his stormy marriage to Madonna. Last week he told David Letterman, "That was only a rumor. She and I never met."

Overexposed

With curious timing, **Geraldo Rivera** last week launched an investigative news show, *Now It Can Be Told*, just as his steamy autobiography, *Exposing Myself*, was hitting bookstores. Guess which venture everybody's talking about? The show revisits old news stories, while the book revisits old flings and near-flings with famous females. Geraldo's self-proclaimed image as a Lothario could suffer from the reactions of those mentioned in his tell-all tome. Liza Minnelli: "Nothing happened." Margaret Trudeau: "No truth" to it. Judy Collins: denied



having an affair. Bette Midler: He was "lousy" in bed. Chris Evert (currently pregnant—not by Geraldo): No comment.

School Daze

Yes, it's the time of year when nervous parents gather their young and trudge them off to school, though usually with less fanfare than greeted the **DUCHESS OF YORK** and her daughter **BEATRICE** upon their arrival at the pricey Upton House School. It was Bea's first day of nursery school, and the child behaved like any three-year-old would, carrying her new navy blue school hat instead of wearing it, shyly meeting the headmistress, forgetting her boots in the car. One royal twist: the two armed officers who will shadow Bea at all times.



Field Goal

Denver Broncos head coach Dan Reeves had two worries about **Kenny Walker**, his eighth-round pick in this year's N.F.L. draft—that he was too small, and that he was deaf. Neither worry proved founded. Walker bulked up and, with the help of an interpreter who attends practices and games, has become only the second deaf athlete to play in the N.F.L. "He has a tremendous desire to work," says Reeves. The 6-ft. 3-in., 260-lb. defensive end has also become a favorite of fans and teammates. Says Reeves: "Everybody seems to have a love for him."

Hot Topics

- **Axl Rose** sings. Stores open early to sell rowdy rocker's much delayed new record. Band should be renamed *Guns N' Grosses*.
- **Joan Collins** sues. The *Globe*, for running racy photos of her. It could be the most profitable nude scene she's ever done.
- **Freddy Krueger** dies. Horror hero bites the dust in the "last" of the profitable *Nightmare* movies. We'll believe it when we don't see it.
- **Elizabeth Taylor** smells. Of White Diamonds, her second, highly hyped perfume. Soon she'll have more perfumes than ex-husbands.
- **Mark and Brian** bomb. Their wacky new television show would make even Morton Downey Jr. wince, but they *do* have nice hair.



The day the rules for life insurance were broken.

The day started innocently enough. A Prudential executive began a visit to an AIDS hospice. The last thing on his mind was a desire to change the rules for life insurance. After all, they had served the public well for over 100 years, and there was no reason to think they had to be changed.

Because of the Living Needs Benefit, terminally ill patients would finally have some financial control in the last days of their lives.

But what he learned that day shocked him. Many patients at the hospice had lost everything. AIDS was not only taking their lives, but their dignity. They had lost their apartments. Bills had gone unpaid. They had no money for nursing care. Yet many patients, he discovered, had a life insurance policy. Was there a way for them to receive some of the death benefit themselves, he asked himself. There had to be a way. Had to be, he told himself over and over as he walked among the suffering patients.

He found that way.

That day was the beginning of a program that would be called The Prudential Living Needs Benefit[®]. Terminally ill people with less than 6 months to live, or those who were expected to be permanently confined to a nursing home, could now receive the value* of their death benefit in advance no matter what their illness.

Those who needed it would finally have some financial control in the last days of their lives.

One terminally ill patient bought some new clothes because he had lost so much weight. Another, a washing machine because he didn't have the strength to walk to the laundromat. A number of terminally ill patients received life-saving organ transplants.



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*The death benefit is discounted for early payment.

Request for approval pending in New York State.

Radio

A Man. A Legend. A What!?

Raging against "commie libs" and "femi-Nazis," Rush Limbaugh is bombastic, infuriating and nearly irresistible

By RICHARD CORLISS

The voice is intimate, sonorous, authoritative, urgent. It has stories to tell, issues to explore, products to promote. One product above all: itself. Turn on one of 400 radio stations around midday, and listen:

"Greetings, conversationalists across the fruited plain, this is Rush Limbaugh, the most dangerous man in America, with the largest hypothalamus in North America, serving humanity simply by opening my mouth, destined for my own wing in the Museum of Broadcasting, executing everything I do flawlessly with zero mistakes, doing this show with half my brain tied behind my back just to make it fair because I have talent on loan from . . . God, Rush Limbaugh. A man. A legend. A way of life."

At first listen, the mind spins, the ear reels. It sounds as if Ted Baxter, the preposterously pompous anchorman on the old *Mary Tyler Moore* sitcom, had escaped into the ether and had been resurrected as a talk-show host. Dial scanners have to wonder: Is 'this guy kidding? Well, of course. Sometimes. As when he announces the Limbaugh neutron bomb: "It vaporizes liberals but leaves conservatives standing." Or when he bleats a duh-duh-lut duh-duh-lut fanfare, announcing a Pee-wee Herman news update to the tune of Michael Jackson's *Beat It*. Or when he handicaps N.F.L. games by political correctness: "The Eagles, an endangered species, will of course cover the spread against those pillaging, earth-destroying Cowboys." Or when he (infrequently) admits to a gaffe and its punishment spansk himself and squalls like a colicky baby. Or when he sucks on a bottle of diet iced tea and snorts like a happy hog at the trough.

These days Limbaugh, 40, must be in pig paradise. His daily New York City-based harangue—three hours of nothing but Limbaugh pontificating on political and social issues with only occasional



America's most dangerous man:
"I am having an adult Christmas every day"

phone calls from listeners—is the most popular talk show on radio, reaching 2 million people at any moment and nearly 8 million during the week. It has made Limbaugh a millionaire, a richly satisfied limousine conservative and a star. His personal appearance fee has leaped from \$1,200 three years ago, when his show was first syndicated, to \$25,000. His "Rush to Excellence" speaking tours sell out and do a brisk business in Rush T-shirts and bumper stickers. He has signed with Simon & Schuster to write a book, *The Way Things Ought to Be*, and is planning with Republican media mastermind Roger Ailes a half-hour nightly Rush to television. And, accolade of accolades, the moon-faced monologist had his portrait painted by LeRoy Neiman.

In one sense, Limbaugh is only the latest and most extreme in a line of right-wing savants, from William F. Buckley Jr. to William Safire to Patrick Buchanan to P.J. O'Rourke, whose Manichaean world view and scathing wit make them livelier pundits than anyone in the gray liberal establishment. But he is also, and mainly, an old-fashioned radio spellbinder in the seductive Midwestern tradition of Jean Shepherd, Ken Nordine and Garrison Keillor. "Rush utilizes the medium better than any talk-show host I have ever heard," says veteran comedy writer Ken Levine,

who with his partner David Isaacs is developing a TV series loosely based on Limbaugh. "He sounds like a good B novel you just can't put down."

Rush gives great spiel. His radio persona, which is nearly identical to his genially blustering off-mike personality, mixes country lawyer with sideshow Barker, tent evangelist with Spike Jones rhythm section. In the space of a single sentence, he will rattle newspapers into the microphone, impersonate Benjamin Hooks (Does the N.A.A.C.P. director really sound like *Amos 'n' Andy's* Kingfish?) and break into an impromptu chorus of *Blue Moon*. When Limbaugh gets revved up, he comes on like John Madden with a grudge.

Grudges by the vanload: Limbaugh has a hate list bigger than his capacious ego. Of course, those on the list are all liberals, some formidable, some fringe. Feminists—in Limbaugh's terms "femi-Nazis"—argue for equal rights on the job because "they can't get a man, and their rage is one long PMS attack." People critical of Los Angeles top cop Daryl Gates "want to abolish the police." The N.A.A.C.P. (National Association for the Advancement of Liberal Colored People) is a "Nazi-like police force" because it wanted to investigate one of its chapters' support for Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas. Indeed, most black leaders—complacent slaves on the

“Here we have Senator Teddy Kennedy crossing another bridge, this one ideological. Will he get across it, or will he take someone down with him again?”

On a purported flip-flop of Kennedy's standards on quizzing Supreme Court nominees



“liberal plantation”—are stripping their people of pride and initiative by insisting on welfare programs and affirmative action. Environmentalists—“extremist wacko-nut cases”—are “a bunch of socialists who want bigger government and poorer people.” Some animal-rights activists “want the extermination of the human race.”

In the Rush demology, Senator Edward Kennedy is both Satan and satyr—a perfect target. Last year, when an opponent of Judge David Souter hypothesized that the Supreme Court nominee was “in the closet,” Limbaugh said, “I think any of us would be safer in a closet with Judge Souter than we would be in an automobile with Ted Kennedy.” Any member of the Kennedy family is vulnerable to Limbaugh's scorn, and in the unlikely contexts. Last week Rush noted that accused murderer-cannibal Jeffrey Dahmer would plead innocent by reason of insanity. “That's like finding William Kennedy Smith guilty of rape,” he opined, “and then having a trial to see if he was horny.”

Limbaugh picks his spots. He praises Ronald Reagan (“Ronaldus Magnus”) for everything he likes about the '80s and blames the Democratic Congress for everything he hates. Snail darters get more play on his show than the recession. The chief miscreants in the B.C.C.I. scandal are not the Justice Department honchos who quashed any investigation for two years but Democrats like Jimmy Carter and Clark Clifford. Big Government is bad, except when it provides plenty of guns and bombs; big corporations are good, except when they knuckle under to liberal consumer groups. “You simply cannot have the public at large telling corporations how to run their business,” he avers. He also believes in America, the family, capitalism and the malleable right of fat guys in phosphorescent

jackets to lumber through the woods with an Uzi and blast Bambi to bits. One of Limbaugh's favorite callers, “Mick from the high mountains of New Mexico,” says he dines frequently at the Roadkill Cafe on “tacos made outta dead puppies.”

Ever the salesman, Limbaugh has created brand names for political groups. Do-gooder liberals are “compassion fascists,” and “commie libs” are pretty much anyone to the left of David Duke. San Francisco is “the West Coast branch of the Kremlin.” Limbaugh, a rock-ribbed skeptic, be-

lieves that reports of the death of Soviet communism have been greatly exaggerated. A “Gorbasm” is the sound people make when hailing Mikhail Gorbachev—and of course every Gorbasm is fake.” Listeners who agree with Rush shout “Megadittos” as a greeting. Those who don't agree, he says, endanger his concept of “safe talk” (to guarantee which Limbaugh once placed a condom over his microphone) and may get a “caller abortion.” They are cut off, with vacuum-cleaner noises and a woman's scream in the background.

Is anyone offended yet? Does anyone out there feel like stringing up the self-described “epitome of morality and virtue”? (If you do, bring a crane; the man weighs 317 lbs.) Rush would be shocked if you did. “I try to make my points with humor,” he says mildly. “I attack the absurd by being absurd.” Flattered as he is by the praise of those who despise his opinions, Limbaugh thinks he is popular because most Americans—disenfranchised by the liberal media—agree with what he says. “The major-

ity of people just don't want to hear their country ridiculed or accused of being wrong. Let's not flog ourselves. I happen to believe in love of country, and that's what people want to hear.”

Limbaugh has every reason to believe in America's reward for hard work: he is reaping it now. Born into a family of lawyers in Cape Girardeau, Mo., Rush sat behind his first radio mike at 16. He spun records and made with the cute chatter under a couple of pseudonyms until he decided the medium would never give him a sense of self-respect. In 1979 he joined the Kansas City Royals as promotion director, where he made many friends (George Brett wears a DITTO T shirt at batting practice) but was still restless. “In 1982,” he recalls, “I was looking at a \$35,000-a-year job

“A tuna harvest will result in the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of tuna, and in the process maybe a couple of dolphins get snared in the net. Of course all the environmentalist wackos go, [extravagant sob noises], Oh,

these poor dolphins! But nobody cares about the tuna!”



selling potato chips in Liberty, Mo., as Nirvana. But I didn't get the job.” Nothing to do but go back to radio, this time in the burgeoning field of talk. He spent four years in Sacramento before moving to New

York's WABC in 1988 and becoming the Crown Prince of Conservatism.

Would he be king? Not just now, thank you; he's having too much fun rubbing noses with Bill Buckley (who admires Limbaugh's “preternatural fluency”), chairing seminars with Robert Bork and General Thomas Kelly and sitting in a tiny booth redefining radio entertainment 15 hours a week. “I am having an adult Christmas every day,” he says. “If I'd wanted to affect policy, I'd have tried to join the White House or a Senator's staff. That's not for me. I am honest and passionate and sincere about my politics, but mostly I love being on the radio.” He says it *hummmmm*. And if some liberal listeners—“and you know who you are”—*boooooo* him, that is their constitutional privilege. Rush will laugh all the way to his own wing in the Museum of Broadcasting. The right wing, of course.

—With reporting by Daniel S. Levy/

New York

“All these femi-Nazis out there, demanding their right to abortion as the most important thing in

their life, never ever have to worry about having one anyway. Because who'd want to have sex with 'em?”



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Words of One Syllabus

THE FISHER KING Directed by Terry Gilliam; Screenplay by Richard LaGravenese

By RICHARD CORLISS

The school year has just started, and already we're getting tired of the lessons movies have to teach. For most of the summer, a season that should provide a vacation from the heavy hand of pedagogy, moviegoers have been pummeled with do-gooder didacticism. Calves are good (*City Slickers*). So are dogs (*101 Dalmatians*). Men, of course, are baad (*Terminator 2*, *Thelma & Louise*), unless they are ghetto fathers (*Boyz n the Hood*), in which case women are bad. Physicians need remedial courses in niceness (*The Doctor*, *Doc Hollywood*). And lawyers, should they care to join the human race, need a shot in the head (*Regarding Henry*). Some summer! Whether the star was Arnold Schwarzenegger or Harrison Ford, you couldn't tell the players without a report card.

So here comes the fall's first big movie, and now we're in World Literature 101. Cart out all those Holy Grail legends stored in the attic of your memory and apply them to a four-handed love story. But the true lesson is more familiar: psychotic people are holy seers, tour guides into the nine circles of the urban soul.

When he finds his guide, Jack Lucas (Jeff Bridges) is in a self-made hell. A New York City talk-show host, Jack told a caller he was among "the bungled and the botched," and the caller promptly gunned



Williams and Bridges: psychotics as tour guides to the soul

down seven people at a yuppie boîte. Three years later, a wasted husk in the care of a video-store owner (the ingratiating Mercedes Ruchl), Jack meets the husband of one of those victims, now a daft street creature called Parry (Robin Williams), who leads his fellow homeless in singing "I like New York in June./ How about you?" Parry believes that Jack is a modern Fisher King, a '90s knight searching for the grail of emotional redemption, and Parry knows where it is: in a billionaire's mansion. Parry also has a quest: to win the troth of a frayed

damsel (Amanda Plummer, again doing her prom-queen-from-Mars number).

This is all catnip to Terry Gilliam, deviser of the Monty Python animations and co-director of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. On his own he directed one commercial hit (*Time Bandits*) and one cult smash (*Brazil*). Critics, this one included, went crazy for *Brazil*; but not many citizens felt at home amid all the astringent whimsy. And the director's next phantasmagoria, *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, was a \$50 million flop.

Like all these, *The Fisher King* is long, dark and handsome—disorienting comedy in a Boschian fun house. Some big emotional moments are bungled or botched. The narrative scaffolding, all that Grail gathering, is both too elaborate and too gossamer to support what is at heart a buddy movie. And the film's moral is bizarre: for two guys to achieve sanity and humanity, they should get naked together some night in Central Park. What if moviegoers take this advice to heart? They could get a stern lesson, and it wouldn't be applied with a ruler.

But inside the lecture there are pleasures galore: the subplot of Williams and Plummer, sweet losers in love; the delirious intensity of all four stars, as if they were in a psychodrama and not a fairy tale; a terrific turn by Michael Jeter as a deranged chorus boy belting out tunes from *Gypsy*; a waltz cotillion of a couple humdrum commuters at Grand Central Terminal. All this attests to Gilliam's filmmaking glamour, which gives heft to the tale and invests Manhattan with a malefic majesty. A million reservations notwithstanding, I like *The Fisher King*. How about you? ■

Milestones

INDICTED. Mike Tyson, 25, volatile former world heavyweight boxing champion; on charges that he raped a Miss Black America pageant contestant in an Indiana hotel room in July; in Indianapolis. Tyson, who denies the charges, could be sentenced to up to 63 years in prison in the trial that begins next January.

FOUND LIABLE. Jimmy Swaggart, 56, scandal-stained televangelist, along with his ministry and his lawyer; for defaming rival TV preacher Marvin Gorman and for damaging his ministry; for \$10 million; in New Orleans. Although Gorman acknowledged sexual indiscretions with two women, he accused Swaggart and company of masterminding a smear campaign that drove him out of the Assemblies of God and bankrupted his ministry. Swaggart

himself was defrocked in 1988 after Gorman unveiled photos of the preacher with a prostitute.

HOSPITALIZED. Miles Davis, 65, protean jazz trumpeter, bandleader and composer; reportedly for pneumonia; in Santa Monica, Calif. The Grammy Award-winning artist, once married to actress Cicely Tyson, has previously been treated for diabetes and received a hip-joint replacement.

DIED. Belinda Mason, 33, AIDS activist and writer; of AIDS-related pneumonia. Mason became infected with the HIV virus in 1987 while receiving a blood transfusion. She became an AIDS-rights advocate and was named by President Bush to the National Commission on AIDS. She was critical of the Administration, saying it treated the

AIDS epidemic as a moral issue instead of as a public-health crisis.

DIED. Brad Davis, 41, Golden Globe-winning actor who portrayed an American drug smuggler trapped in a brutal Turkish prison in *Midnight Express*; in Studio City, Calif.; of AIDS complications. In 1985 he starred in the New York stage production of *The Normal Heart*, a drama about the AIDS epidemic.

DIED. Thomas DuHadway, 49, head of the FBI's Intelligence Division; of a heart attack; in Great Falls, Va. Bright and irreverent, DuHadway was respected for his knowledge of Soviet and East European intelligence activities. At the time of his death, he was leading the first major reorganization of the U.S.'s counterintelligence system since the cold war began.

Books



Hepburn at home: a writing style that replicates the tremor in her voice

First Person Singular

ME: STORIES OF MY LIFE by Katharine Hepburn; Knopf; 420 pages; \$25

By AMELIA WEISS

Katharine Hepburn is an odd bird. Hemorrhaging after an eye operation, she yells to her chauffeur, "David, take off your shoes and socks and your pants—and get into the tub and try to get the blood out of the stuff I throw in there." With her lover Howard Hughes, two of the skinniest eccentrics of our time, she dives naked off the wing of his seaplane. In a chapter about another beau, the agent Leland Hayward, Hepburn talks about living in Benedict Canyon, finding a snake in her living room, buying real estate and embarrassing a young doctor at lunch. And that's the story of Leland Hayward. There is also a recipe for currant cake, and four pages devoted to changing a tire on I-95. If there's someone who has written eloquently about Katharine Hepburn, it isn't Katharine Hepburn.

But it's pointless to knock *Me*. Critics have shot more arrows at Hepburn than you might find piercing the sides of St. Sebastian. Her voice was usually described in terms reserved for plumbing: her breasts were too small, her neck too scrawny; she wasn't sexy enough to play Scarlett O'Hara; she was labeled "box-office poison." And the toughest critic, Hepburn herself, says, "I was a terrible pig."

There is no sensationalism here. Hepburn may not be her own Boswell, but neither is the Kitty Kelley. "There's the bedroom," a guide to Hepburn's life might say. "And there's the bed, and there's the chest of drawers, and there's the vanity. They had a great old time here, and it was fun. Ladies and gentlemen, this way, please."

She first shared that bedroom with Luddy—Ludlow Ogden Smith—her only husband. Though they separated almost immediately, he remained a part of her family, and she chastises herself for having abused him. "Listen to this," says Hepburn. "I made him change his name . . . to S. Ogden Ludlow. I didn't want to be called Mrs. Smith. I thought it was melancholic." Her true love, of course, was Spencer Tracy. "He didn't like this or that. I changed this and that . . . Food—we ate what he liked. We did what he liked. We lived a life which he liked. This gave me great pleasure." With the same warmth that marks her film acting, she plays a final love scene that is more intimate than any revelation of sexual secrets. As if this were their last movie together, she re-enacts the night of his death.

But most of the romantic stuff is pretty dull. Much livelier—and full of slapstick—are chapters devoted to disaster: the hurricane that demolished her home; the auto accident that fractured her ankle. And there is one hysterical vision of a day spent wedding with David Lean. "It's absolutely no use," says Lean, "unless you get the root."

Me reflects its author's personality perfectly: it even replicates the tremor in her voice with dashes and sentence fragments. An odd bird Hepburn be, but then so is Rose Sayer pouring gin over the side of the *African Queen*. And Jo March sliding down a banister. And Susan Vance singing to a leopard. And incredible Tracy Lord—leapt from above, in a George Cukor close-up, dressed by Adrian, and kissed by Jimmy Stewart in the moonlight. For lovers of film, it's very hard for the artist who made these women to lay an egg. ■

Love Among The Temples

THE LADY AND THE MONK

by Pico Iyer

Knopf; 338 pages; \$22

In the fall of 1987, travel writer Pico Iyer flew from his home in Santa Barbara, Calif., to Japan. Aware that too much had already been said about "the capital of the future tense," Iyer avoided the Tokyo scene. Instead he chose to spend four seasons in and around a Kyoto temple, seeking enlightenment in a place where "the social forms were as unfathomable to me, and as alien, as the woods around Walden Pond."

The reference is apt. Like Thoreau, Iyer combines an acute sense of place with a mordant irony. The revealing detail is his specialty: he recalls "an old monk brush, brush, brushing a pathway clean . . . a sitting Buddha imparting a peace so strong it felt like wisdom . . . Yet one could never forget the world entirely. Floating up from below came the sound, plangent and forlorn, of a garbage collector's truck playing its melancholy song."

Iyer tries to focus on spiritual aspects, but Westerners break his concentration. A potter from California confesses, "For a long time, you know, I used to repress this thing about being a witch." Another American, long resident among the Japanese, warns, "The one subject you *never* mention to them is politics. *Never*, man. Makes them go dead." Sex is a different matter. Evidences of it are everywhere: in the omnipresent skin magazines, the vending machines for X-rated videos, the cryptic mechanical devices. Iyer notes and rejects them all.

And then he meets Sachiko. Her husband is a typical "salaryman," continually absent from home. For a while, the monkish American and the lady regard each other at arm's length. But the couple are soon overtaken by enchantment. "I little ghost," she tells him. "Old Japanese story: ghost visit man many many times, many very happy time together. But man's friends much worry. His face more weak, more pale. Ghost eating his heart." Reflects Iyer: "She could hardly have given more eloquent expression to all my unspoken fears."

No conventionally happy ending can come of this *Madama Butterfly* for the '90s. Still, renunciation has its own rewards. By the time of their parting, Sachiko has assumed a Western assertiveness, and neither she nor her marriage will ever be the same. As for Iyer, the detached observer has finally succumbed to love—in typically Zen manner: "By now it was so much a part of my life that I had not even seen it until it was gone."

—By Stefan Kanfer



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Bad Trades

INSIDE OUT: AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT OF WALL STREET
by Dennis B. Levine with William Hoffer
Putnam; 431 pages; \$22.95

If any skeptics still doubt that the 1980s were an era of mindless greed on Wall Street, Dennis Levine's account of his rise and fall as an inside trader should set them straight. Levine, a megadealmeister for the now bankrupt Wall Street firm Drexel Burnham Lambert, raked in more than \$10 million through the simple expedient of buying and selling stock with the help of inside tips. Arrested in 1986 and jailed for 17 months in a minimum-security prison, he led prosecutors to arbitrator Ivan Boesky, who, in turn, helped them reel in the biggest fish of all—junk-bond king Michael Milken. Now permanently barred from the securities industry, Levine, 39, makes his living as a consultant to companies engaged in mergers and other deals.

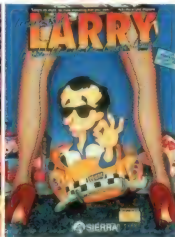
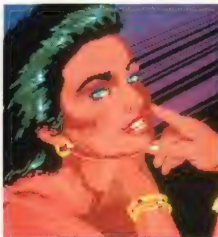
Levine still seems astonished at how easy it was to get rich the ill-gotten way. All it took, he notes in flat but serviceable prose, was a tight ring of conspirators whose Wall Street jobs yielded confidential information about upcoming takeovers and other corporate news. Once armed with a tip, Levine dashed for the nearest pay phone to dictate orders to buy and sell stock to the manager of his secret Bahamas bank account. (When one offshore bank balked at carrying out such orders, Levine picked another out of the Nassau phone book.) "My God," he told himself after one spectacularly profitable purchase, "this is so easy."

The money flowed so freely that Levine kept breaking the law even after his legitimate yearly income rocketed to \$2 million. That was not enough at a time when other Masters of the Universe made still bigger bucks and Milken earned an astronomical \$550 million in a single year. Blinded by greed, Levine rationalized his crimes by asserting that everyone traded on inside information and assuring himself that he would never get caught. Unknown to him, however, his Bahamas bankers were copying his trades for themselves. Their profligate piggybacking left an international paper trail that led U.S. regulators straight to Levine.

While he takes blame for his flagrant misdeeds, Levine considers himself to have been "an insider-trading junkie" who simply could not stop. "I was addicted to the excitement, the sense of victory," he writes. "Some spouses use drugs, others have extramarital affairs. I secretly traded stocks." That may be true, but an errant spouse does not bring disrepute to an entire industry.

—By John Greenwald

Technology



Passionate Patti is only one of the voluptuous vixens Leisure Suit Larry pursues

Erotic Electronic Encounters

Computer games have shattered the sex barrier, but retailers are nervous about selling explicit disks

Are the kids in bed? The curtains closed? It's time to turn on the computer and start playing some of the hottest electronic games around—games so hot that they threaten to melt your microprocessor. Welcome to the world of high-tech titillation, where characters perform feats of onscreen electronic eroticism that leave little—or nothing—to the imagination.

At the raunchy end of the spectrum are programs like *Sexcapades*, which is sort of a kinky Monopoly, and *MacPlaymate*, in which the player requests a model to remove her clothing and perform graphic acts, complete with audible gasps, grunts and groans. Such sleazy software is usually sold by mail order or passed from hand to hand; most retailers won't touch it.

There is soft-core software as well. The most successful by far is the Leisure Suit Larry series, expected to take in \$20 million to \$25 million at retail this year. Larry, a bumbling nerd of a hero, bounces from one sexual escapade to another with well-endowed females bearing names like Tawni, Bambi and Passionate Patti. The sex itself, however, happens under blankets or behind censored signs.

Says Ken Williams, the president and founder of Sierra On-Line, Inc., where Larry was born: "If the game were a movie, it would be rated PG-13. It is less offensive than what you see on prime-time TV." There are, he remarks, just two breasts and no foul language in the entire five-game series.

Still, even the tamest of sex makes computer-game retailers nervous. "The last

thing they need is some parents' group marching outside the stores," says Williams. The problem is that virtually everyone thinks of computer games as part of the toy industry, and the idea of a toy with a sexual theme is inherently objectionable. People like Williams, on the other hand, claim that the games are really part of the entertainment industry—and few would argue that movies and books cannot contain adult themes. But until retailers relax, Sierra On-Line is not rushing to market other sexually-oriented games.

The obvious answer is to give kids and parents some hint about the content of the games they see on store shelves. That would both warn consumers away from potentially offensive games and reassure them about the wholesomeness of others. In fact, Williams chaired a committee of the Software Publishers Association that considered a system of rating computer games akin to the way movies are classified. But software publishers are noted for their independence, and they could not reach a consensus. The best they could do was to urge members to describe clearly on the package what appears on the disk. That is what Sierra On-Line has done with *Leisure Suit Larry*.

It might be wise to come up with some kind of ratings, though, before computer games get much more sophisticated. Forward-looking designers are working on a concept called virtual reality, in which the action will be so real that a player will have the sense of actually being inside a game. Imagine what will happen when the X-rated versions come out.

—By Michael D. Lemonick

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VIEW POINTS

TELEVISION

Reaching for the Rafter

Her return was ballyhooed more fervently than Gorbachev's come-back from the Crimea, but **KATIE COURIC** proved herself up to the hype. When the perky co-host of NBC's *Today* show resumed her place on the couch Monday after a well-publicized two-month maternity leave, she did it all. Doubled forward with interest, like the most attentive date you've ever had, she quizzed Katharine Hepburn about her early days as an actress. Eyes narrowing ever so slightly in concern, she probed Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney about whether the U.S. still needs the B-2 bomber. Zoning out helpfully, she lobbed puffballs ("Did you ever dream you'd be so successful?") at radio deejays Mark and Brian, stars of a new NBC series. And, of course, she brought baby pictures. After years of experimentation, network television may have finally developed the perfect morning-show host: smart but unassuming, cute but not plastic, the girl next door with a grin that reaches for the rafters. What's more, she gets along with both Bryant and Willard. Who was that Jane person anyway? —**R.Z.**



MUSIC

The Way She Was

In 1955, 13-year-old Barbra Streisand and her mother met a piano player in the Catskills who steered them to a Brooklyn studio where, for a few dollars, they could record some songs. He accompanied them but, during Mrs. Streisand's efforts, intruded heavily on the vocals. Barbra would have none of that. "No, no," she told him, "we'll just do a little [piano] interlude and then I'll come back in." That recording, of *You'll Never Know*, begins and ends Streisand's new four-CD boxed set, **JUST FOR THE RECORD**, nicely framing the point that even then her talent—andchutzpah—were well developed. The set, which spans three decades from stage, screen and studio, includes outtakes and unreleased gems as well as Streisand standards like *People*. It charts her fast climb chronologically, with especially fascinating bits from the young years: displaying a studied charm on early TV appearances, singing in a Greenwich Village club, holding her own in a chat with Judy Garland and Ethel Merman. The results are at once nostalgic and stunningly fresh. New fans needn't apply, but old ones will feel that, as another of Streisand's hits put it, *Happy Days Are Here Again*. —**E.L.B.**



MUSIC

An Ambassador Arrives

All the right protocol was observed. **KURT MASUR**, making his first appearance as music director of the New York Philharmonic (succeeding Zubin Mehta), rightly judged that the occasion was more ceremonial than musical. So the German maestro began with a polite bow to America, conducting two short pieces by contemporary composer John Adams and a set of *Old American Songs* by Aaron Copland (winningly sung by baritone Thomas Hampson). Then Masur, who has led Leipzig's venerable Gewandhaus Orchestra since 1970, reached under his tailcoat and produced his own credential: an authoritative, warmly expressive version of Anton Bruckner's *Symphony No. 7*. This served to remind the Lincoln

Center faithful (and a national TV audience) that his roots lie deep in the European romantic tradition. Clearly Masur, 64, a one-man back-to-basics movement, intends to move the brilliant, erratic, often fractious Philharmonic more into line with that tradition—diplomatically, of course. Judging from the way the musicians played for him, they seem eager to get there. —**C.P.**



THEATER

Framed, but Is It Art?

Marcel Duchamp, the French Surrealist, labeled as "art" a battered bottle rack, a defaced poster of the *Mona Lisa* and a mass-produced urinal. He perceived art all around in the vernacular world. The question pondered in **THE MYSTERIES**, a multimedia enchantment at Harvard's American Repertory Theater, is whether vernacular life itself—the life of mating, domestic squabbles and old age—can constitute a sort of art. At times the idea is posed literally, as when writer-director David Gordon places an ornate frame around actors engaged in a mock wedding. At other times the "mysteries" of creation are interspersed with the mysteries of, say, detective stories. The text is often witty, if declamatory, but the real joys of the piece are acoustic and visual. Philip Glass has constituted his customary pulsating music, which has the narcotic effect of nitrous oxide coupled with the distant hum of a dentist's drill, yet is curiously pleasurable. Painter Red Grooms has designed the sets in a sort of Chagall-meets-Grandma Moses style that is, fittingly, both primitive and highly sophisticated. —**W.A.H. III**



CINEMA

A Late Bloomer from the Mulch

The film is nine-tenths exposition. Has to be, since there can be no easy (or convincing) explanation of how a 1940s murder mystery finally gets resolved, with a little help from reincarnation, in the '90s. Yet despite all that boring talk, **DEAD AGAIN** is a hit, the late-blooming rose of a movie summer that was mostly mulch. How come? Well, as a director, Kenneth Branagh is all distracting bustle, briskly shooing us past his picture's many dubious moments. As an actor he gives a flashy performance—two accents, neither of which is native to him—in a dual role.



And he had the good sense to cast his wife Emma Thompson in both roles opposite him. She's an attractive lady no matter what era you encounter her in. But nothing quite accounts for this silly movie's surprise success. The idea of having but one life to lead has always been a bummer, but never more than it is for today's health-conscious audience. Movies like this one (and *Ghost*) suggest that working out and eating right are not in vain. If they can't assure immortality, they may at least keep you fit for the second go-around. —**R.S.**

Art

Against the Cult of the Moment

A superb show presents Georges Seurat as an inspired lyricist who achieved grand images of mysterious permanence

By ROBERT HUGHES

In the past decade the American public, mainly in New York City and Washington, has been treated to one of the historic events in the life of the modern museum: the collaboration between U.S. institutions and the Réunion des Musées Nationaux on a series of retrospectives of the great French artists of the 19th century. Edouard Manet in 1983; Vincent van Gogh in 1984 and 1986; Paul Gauguin, Gustave Courbet and Edgar Degas in 1988; Claude Monet in 1990—all these, done at the highest pitch of curatorial skill, have redefined the School of Paris for us.

Nor is the sense of exaltation these shows leave behind untinged with regret: one knows that this golden moment of the museum retrospective, flourishing amid the corrosive vulgarity that overtook the American art world in the 1980s, will not return. Its coda, and in some ways its climax, is the show of paintings and drawings by Georges Seurat that, having spent the summer at the Grand Palais in Paris, opens at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York next week.

Seurat, like Masaccio or Mozart, was a true prodigy. Born in 1859, he succumbed to an attack of galloping diphtheria in 1891, at 31. This all too early death has had the effect of concentrating his life around a single stylistic effort, the invention of pointillism. The one thing everyone knows about Seurat is that he painted rather stiff pictures composed of dots, in the belief that this system of breaking down color into its constituent parts was scientific and not, like Monet's Impressionism, intuitive.

Had he lived as long as Monet, Seurat would have been a hale duffer of 70 when his many heirs, like Mondrian, were coming into their maturity as artists. What would he have left behind by then? Possibly—if one can guess from his last big paintings like *Chahut*, 1889-90, and *Cirque*, 1890-91—something quite different from the calm,



Setting the Scene As part of the elaborate preparations for his best-known work, *Un Dimanche à la Grande Jatte*, Seurat painted a study, above, of the landscape of La Grande Jatte without any figures. It possesses the sense of anticipation one associates with an empty stage. He also made meticulous sketches, like the drawing of a couple at left, of prospective cast members to fill out this green paradise before bringing all the elements together—including 50 or so people, two dogs and a monkey—in a sublime pattern of calm, composed classicism.

composed "Egyptian" classicism of his best-known work, the sublime *Un Dimanche à la Grande Jatte* of 1884-86. For the last paintings are more frenetic, more consciously urban and, above all, more influenced by mass culture (the posters of Jules Chéret, for instance) and working-class entertainment (fairgrounds, circuses, cafés concerts) than anything he had made before.

We would then remember Seurat not only as a great synthesizer of classical order and modernist perception but also as the artist who fused both with the exacerbated delights of the mass culture that was emerging at the turn of the century: the true "painter of modern life," as anticipated by Baudelaire. The history of modern art, in terms of its engagement with "low" culture, might then have been quite different. Because he died so young, we have the first artist but only hints of the second.

When this show was first mooted, there were doubts. The rarity and fragility of

some of Seurat's major paintings meant they could not travel. No *Grande Jatte*, therefore; no *Baignade*, *Asnières*, 1883-84; no *Chahut*. Was this like staging *Hamlet* without the prince? As it turns out, no. Apart from the fact that some works of art should never travel, and deserve the tribute of a pilgrimage, their absence forces one to concentrate on the abundance of others that the curatorial team, headed by Françoise Cachin of the Musée d'Orsay, has assembled.

Here we have the most complete group of Seurat's drawings—and drawing, for him, was absolutely fundamental—ever assembled, together with the oil sketches and finished studies for the big works (more than 30 for *La Grande Jatte* alone); the landscapes of the Ile de France; the exquisite seascapes of *Gravelines* and *Honfleur*; and the theater scenes, like the brooding and mysterious frieze of musicians and chattering spectators at the *Cirque Corvi*



Cut Short By the time he died at 31, Seurat was shifting from luminous reveries like *Le Chenal de Gravelines: Petit-Fort-Philippe*, below, to more urban scenes of mass culture and entertainment like *Parade de Cirque*, left. These hint tantalizingly at how he might have engaged with modern life—and further changed art history—had he lived.



known as the *Parade de Cirque*, 1887-88. In the studies, particularly, one sees Seurat's major ambition working itself out: his conservative but in fact deeply radical desire to reconstruct an art opposed to the Impressionist cult of the moment, his hope of making grand, complex, time-resistant images whose mysterious permanence could take its place beside Greek and Assyrian bas-reliefs or the works of Ingres in the Louvre.

From this body of material, a rather different Seurat emerges from the one we are used to. The "scientific" painter with his abstruse color theories recedes somewhat, and an inspired lyricist comes to the fore—a 19th century Giorgione. As the art historian Robert L. Herbert puts it in his catalog essay, Seurat "wanted to be perceived as a technician of art, and so he borrowed from science some of the signs of its authority, including regularity and clarity of pattern."

But, as Herbert points out, Seurat's dots are not really dots either. Far from la-

boring away at a mechanical surface programmed in advance by theories of complementary color, Seurat displayed the most intuitive and mobile sense of the relations between sight and mark. One of the miracles of his art is his ability to analyze light, not through the simple juxtaposition of dabs of color but by a layering of tiny brush marks built up from the underpainted ground, so that the eventual surface becomes a fine-grained pelt, seamless and yet infinitely nuanced, from which captured light slowly radiates.

The tawny blond and blue surfaces of the seascapes, like *Le Chenal de Gravelines: Petit-Fort-Philippe*, 1890, mediate between solidity (the molecular structure of the skin of paint) and transparency in a way that is unique in 19th century painting, and as a result they can absorb and reward all the contemplation the eye can give them. The port, under its light-suf-

fused spell, its unpeopled high-summer sleep, becomes a subject of reverie but not a fantasy, anchored in the real by such declarative touches as the iron bollard placed dead center in the foreground, yet located in the ideal as well by Seurat's profound attentiveness.

Seurat was a brilliant and highly self-conscious *metteur en scène*. His landscapes often possess the sense of anticipation one associates with an empty stage. (Hence they were a powerful influence on De Chirico, and on Surrealism generally.) Nowhere is this more piercing than in the large study for the landscape of *La Grande Jatte*, without its 50 or so people, its monkey and two dogs. The curtain has risen on this green paradise, and the cast will filter on, one at a time, throughout the subsequent studies—the St.-Cyr cadet, the lady with the monkey but without her attendant gentleman.

All the time Seurat is thinking, editing, adjusting. Throughout his career, his efforts are directed to refracting what he sees through what he knows. He quotes Poussin, Ingres, classical marbles, Han figures; the boy hollering in the water in *Une Baignade, Asnières* was once a classical Triton blowing a conch. But the sources are perfectly absorbed in his pictorial intents. For this reason alone, Seurat was an artist of a kind unimaginable in our own fin de siècle, now that art education has been lobotomized by the excision of formal drawing and the study of prototypes.

The record of Seurat's thought lies as much in his drawings as in his final paintings. He drew on Ingres paper with Conté crayon, a waxy black stick that, stroked over the rough surface, produced a slightly blurred line and deep granular tones—the equivalent of his intricately speckled surfaces in painting. And he was a great draftsman—one of the greatest since the Renaissance, worthy, at the top of his form, of being compared to Rembrandt or Goya.

The economy of his means is stunning. Form floats to your eye out of velvety blackness, and each drawing is a record of becoming. Seurat's personages—friends like the painter Aman-Jean, strangers glimpsed in the street, women with the mannered gravity of Greek kouroi—have an immense dignity and distance. Watch how a mere lightening of tone on a woman's face in profile, in the studies for *La Grande Jatte*, records the head's twist toward the light; or how wittily the curve of a little girl's highlighted slouch had reflects that of her back. Such style, one realizes, is in essence moral. Seurat, one of the wisest and most logical artists who ever lived, was simply incapable of triviality. ■



Essay

Lance Morrow

Pains of the Poet —And Miracles

Anne Sexton was a popular, Pulitzer-prizewinning poet who was capable occasionally of a dark brilliance. She had a favorite palindrome: RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STAR. The trick has first of all its bright little surprise of words, and then, on second look, a deeper, perverse magic—a double negative of meaning that ends in a metaphysical buzz. RATS LIVE ON NO EVIL STARS would work in a sane world, or else RATS LIVE ON NO GOOD STAR. But as it is...

Like her contemporary Sylvia Plath, Sexton had a gift of the self-dramatizing and self-destructive kind. She was the mad housewife of Weston, Mass., beautiful if you caught her in the right light, "a possessed witch," as she thought of herself sometimes, "haunting the black air, braver at night." Both Plath and Sexton wound up as cautionary tales. In 1963 Plath stuck her head in an oven in London. Sexton told her psychiatrist, "Sylvia Plath's death disturbs me. Makes me want it too. She took something that was mine, that death was mine!" Eleven years later, in 1974, at the age of 45, Sexton poured herself a tall glass of vodka, went into her garage and closed the door, started up the old red Cougar, turned on the car radio and waited for the exhaust fumes to kill her.

It was not an impulsive act. Sexton tried to kill herself many times in the course of her adult life. Or anyway, she had a long flirtation with death by overdose. She carried a virtual pharmacy around in her pocketbook. She drenched herself with alcohol. As she wrote in an early poem, "the odor of death hung in the air/ like rotting potatoes." She checked in and out of sanitariums. Doctors tried to minister to her hysteria, depression, anorexia, insomnia, wildly alternating moods, lacerating rages, trances, fugue states, terrible confusions, bouts of self-destruct.

Anne Sexton was Ophelia, all grown up and turned into suburban mother and basket case. She was an obsessive who

used up all the oxygen in the room. Now, posthumously, the poet, the generator of her own myth, is achieving a certain celebrity at the expense of the family that put up with her for years. Her version of the story, elaborately unperturbed, is the one being told, the tale that survives. Her family gets dragged into the nightmares of its most disturbed and most articulate member. Literature 1, Life 0.

Sexton was both a victim and a manipulator, as these things often go. She was shrewd, self-centered, half cracked. She abused her children. In episodes of rage she would seize her daughter Linda and choke or slap her, and one day she threw the little girl across the room. Linda says that when she was older, in her teens, her mother sexually abused her. The poet had many love affairs during her 24-year marriage, including a long sexual involvement with her psychiatrist—a disgraceful breach of medical ethics on the doctor's part. Sexton actually paid for these appointments. (A second psychiatrist, Dr. Martin Orne, raised a different question of ethics by turning over to biographer Diane Wood Middlebrook some 300 hours of audiotapes he had recorded during sessions with Sexton, but Middlebrook seems to have used them with discretion.) All of the untidy history is told in Middlebrook's *Anne Sexton: A Biography*. Middlebrook, a professor of English at Stanford University, is judicious and canny. She appreciates both Sexton's gifts as a poet and her attractive side as a human being (humor, intensity) but looks at her destructive weaknesses with a steady eye. Linda Sexton, who is now 38 and executor of her mother's estate, cooperated with the biographer and on the whole admires the end result.

Some members of the family are outraged. They think the biography opens windows on a universe of Sexton's own disturbed imaginings—which, being a good biography, it does. Two of the poet's nieces, Lisa Taylor Tompson and Mary Gray Ford, sent a letter to the *New York Times* Book Review in which they try to rescue the family from Anne's messy version. They assert the rights of the sane and normal. "We take pride in her art and her accomplishment," the nieces write. "But we strenuously object to the portrayal of people we knew as libidinous, perverted beasts whose foul treatment of this deeply troubled soul drove her to the anguish she felt."

The worst parts of the published story, the nieces say, involve suggestions that Anne's father sexually abused her and that her sainted great-aunt Nana administered erotically disturbing back rubs to Anne as a girl. Middlebrook's book makes it clear that these suggestions almost surely originated in Sexton's mind and had no basis in fact.

But sanity screams at the innuendo, like a gull blackened in an oil spill. It wants to cleanse itself. The poet's version has the power of her black magic, her words on paper. "Where others saw roses," the nieces write, "Anne saw clots of blood." The sick, brilliant woman has the inestimable advantage of being dead and therefore beyond examination on questions of who abused whom and how.

Does the poet's work redeem the poet's mess? Sexton was working in a rich literary tradition. Her immediate American predecessors were not a wholesome precedent: John Berryman (alcoholic, suicide), Robert Lowell (episodically psychotic), Delmore Schwartz (alcoholic), Theodore Roethke (manic-depressive), Elizabeth Bishop (alcoholic). Sexton had shrewd instincts. "With used furniture he makes a tree," she wrote. "A writer is essentially a crook." Maybe.

Anne Sexton was a pain, in the real, physical sense. Every large family has a pain or two: an iridescent liar, a middle-aged infant, a little lingo. But somehow, in Sexton's case, it turned out that the pain was also entangled with a miracle: the miracle of her 45-year-long survival, for one thing, when such a terrible undertow was pulling her, and the miracle of her poems, or some of them at least—the dark, intelligent objects that she floated toward shore before she went under. ■



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